THE
RELAPSE;
OR,
Virtue in Danger:

Being the Sequel of

The Fool in Fashion.

A

COMEDY.

ACTED AT

The *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-lane*;

Printed for *Samuel Briscoe* at the corner of *Charles-street* in *Russel-street Covent-Garden*. 1697.

Next week will be Publish'd Familiar Letters, the Second Volumn written by the Right Honourable John late Earl of *Rochester*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, Sir *George Etheridge*, the Honourble *Henry Saville*, Esq; with other Letters, by a Person of Honour.

THE PREFACE.

TO go about to excuſe halfe the Defects this Abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long uſeleſs Preface, when 'tis, I doubt, ſufficiently ſower'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a Repenting Sinner) confeſs, it wants every thing--- but length; and in that, I hope the ſevereſt Critique, will be pleas'd to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my Modeſty will ſure attone for every thing, when the World ſhall know it is ſo great, I am even to this day inſenſible of thoſe two ſhining Graces in the Play (which ſome part of the Town is pleas'd to Compliment me with) Blaſphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find 'em out. If there was any obſcene Expreſſions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not ſunk a Sylable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Myſteries) be rang'd under that head; and yet I believe with a ſteady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when ſhe has read it impartially over in her Cloſet, will find it ſo innocent, ſhe'll think it

no affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the ſame Shelf. So to them, (with all manner of Deference,) I intitely refer my Cauſe, and I'm confident they'll juſtify me, againſt thoſe pretenders to good Manners, who at the ſame time, have ſo little reſpect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a Bawdy Jeſt from an Ejaculation, to put 'em out of countenance. But I expect to have theſe well-bred Perſons always my Enemies, ſince I'm ſure I ſhall never write any thing lewd enough, to make 'em my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones I mean) with ſcrew'd Faces and wry Mouths) I deſpair of them, for they are Friends to no body. They love nothing, but their Altars and Themſelves. They have too much Zeal to have any Charity: they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners dō in Wine; and are as quarrelſome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink: ſo I hope no body will mind what they ſay. But if any Man (with flat plod Shooes, a little Band, Greazy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiſer than I, at the expence of being Forty years older) happens to be offended at a ſtory of a Cock and a Bull, and a Prieſt and a Bull-Dog: I beg his Pardon with all my heart, which I hope I ſhall obtain, by eating my words, and making this publick Recantation. I do therefore for his ſatisfaction, acknowledge, I

Ly'd

Ly'd, when I ſaid, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have ſeen 'em forc'd to't, more than once; but next time I'll ſpeak with more Caution and Truth; and only ſay, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honeſt Gentlemen of the Town, whoſe Friendſhip or good Word is worth the having, I am very ſorry for it; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they conſider I have had no other deſign, in running a very great Riſque, than to divert (if poſſible) ſome part of their Spleen, in ſpight of their Wives and their Taxes.

One word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the firſt night this thing was acted, ſome indecencies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Miſtreſſes Health in *Nants* Brandy, from ſix in the Morning, to the time he wadled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toaſted himſelf up, to ſuch a pitch of Vigor, I confeſs I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and I am ſince (with all due Reſpect to Mrs *Rogers*) very ſorry ſhe ſcap't); for I am confident a certain Lady, (let no one take it to her ſelf that's handſome) who highly blames the Play, for the barrenneſs of the concluſion wou'd then have allow'd it, a very natural Cloſe.

First

First Prologue, Spoken by Miſs. *Croſs.*

Ladys, this Play in too much haſte was writ,
To be o'er-charg'd with either Plot or Wit;
'Twas Got, Conceiv'd, and Born in ſix Weeks ſpace,
And Wit, you know, 's as ſlow in growth — as Grace.
Sure it can ne'r be ripen'd to your Taſte,
I doubt 'twill prove, our Author bred too faſt.
For mark 'em well, who with the Muſes Marry,
They rarely do Conceive, but they Miſcarry.
'Tis the hard Fate of thoſe wh' are big with Rhime,
Still to be brought to Bed before their time.
Of our late Poets, Nature few has made,
The greateſt part — are only ſo by Trade.
Still want of ſomething, brings the ſcribling Fit,
For want of Money, ſome of 'em have Writ,
And others do't you ſee — for want of Wit.
Honour, they fancy, ſummons 'em to Write,
So out they lug in wreſty Nature's Spight,
As ſome of you ſpruce Beaux *do — when you Fight.*
Tet let the ebb of Wit be ne'r ſo low,
Some glimpſe of it, a Man may hope to ſhew,
Upon a Theme, ſo ample — as a Beau.
So, howſoe're true Courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face here to day,
But's bold as Cæſar *— to attack a Play.*
Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face
To do the thing with more Heroick Grace,
'Tis ſix to Four, y'attack the ſtrongeſt place.
You ar ſuch Hotſpurs, in this kind of venture,
Where there's no Breach, juſt there you needs muſt enter
But be adviſ'd.
E'n give the Hero, and the Critique o'er,
For Nature ſent you on another ſcore,
She form'd her Beau, *for nothing but her Where.*

Prologue

Prologue on the Third Day; Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen.*

Apologies for Plays, experience ſhews,
are things almoſt as uſeleſs — as the Beaux.
What e'er we ſay (like them) we neither move,
Your Friendſhip, Pity, Anger, nor your Love,
'Tis Intereſt turns the Globe: Let us but find,
The way to pleaſe you, and you'll ſoon be kind:
But to expect, you'd for our ſakes approve,
Is juſt as tho' you for their ſakes ſhou'd Love,
And that, we do confeſs, we think a Task,
Which (tho' they may impoſe) we never ought to ask.

This is an Age, where all things we improve,
But moſt of all, the Art of Making Love.
In former days, Women were only won,
By Merit, Truth, and conſtant Service done,
But Lovers now, are much more expert grown.
They ſeldom wait, 'approach, by tedious Form,
They'r for Diſpatch, for taking you by Storm,
Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,
Fierce their Attacks, and boundleſs their Deſires.
Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage,
To ſhew you Beaux, *come crowding on the Stage,*
Who with ſo little pains, have always ſped,
They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.
How I have ſhook, and trembling ſtood with awe,
When here, behind the Scenes, I've ſeen 'em draw.
— A Comb: that deadliſt Weapon the Heart,
And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.
Whom I have ſeen 'em ſally on the Stage,
Dreſt to the War, and ready to engage.
I've mourn'd your Deſtiny — yet more their Fate,
To think, that after Victorys ſo great,
It ſhou'd ſo often prove, their hard miſhap,
To ſneak into a Lane — and get a Clap.
But hush; they'r here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'em to you Ladys to admire.
They'll ſhew you Twenty thouſand Arts and Graces,
They'll entertain you with their faſt Grimaces,
Their Snuff-box, awkward Bows — and ugly Faces.
In ſhort, they'r after all, ſo much your Friends
That leſt the Play ſhou'd fail, the Authors ends,
They have reſolv'd, to make you ſome amends.
Between each Act, (perform'd by nimbleſt Rules,
They'll Treat you — with an interlude of Fools.
Of which, that you may have the deeper Sence,
The Entertainment's — at their own Expence.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Men.

Mr. *Cibber.*	Sir *Novelty Faſhion*, newly Created Lord *Foppington.*
Mrs. *Kent.*	Young *Faſhion* his Brother.
Mr. *Verbruggen.*	*Loveleſs*, Husband to *Amanda.*
Mr. *Powell.*	*Worthy*, a Gentleman of the Town.
Mr. *Bullock.*	Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey*, a Country Gentleman.
Mr. *Mills.*	Sir *John Friendly* his neighbour.
Mr. *Johnſon.*	*Coupler*, a Match-maker.
Mr. *Simſon.*	*Bull*, Chaplain to Sir *Tunbelly.*
Mr. *Haynes.*	*Serringe* a Surgeon.
Mr. *Dogget.*	*Lory*, Servant to Young *Faſhion.*
	Shoomaker, Taylor, Perriwig-maker, *&c.*

Women.

Mrs. *Rogers.*	*Amanda*, Wife to *Loveleſs.*
Mrs. *Verbruggen.*	*Berrinthia*, her Couſin, a young Widow.
Mrs. *Croſs.*	*Miſs Hoyden*, a great Fortune, Daughter to Sir *Tunbelly.*
Mrs. *Powell.*	*Nurſe* her Gouvernant.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lovelace *reading.*

HOW true is that Philoſophy, which ſays,
Our Heaven is ſeated in our Minds?
Through all the Roving Pleaſures of my Youth,
(Where Nights and Days ſeem'd all conſum'd in Joy,
Where the falſe Face of Luxury

Diſplay'd ſuch Charms,
As might have ſhaken the moſt holy Hermit,
And made him totter at his Altar;)
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here — in this little ſoft Retreat,
My Thoughts unbent from all the Cares of Life,
Content with Fortune,
Eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependance,
From Envy free, Ambition under foot,
The raging Flame of wild deſtructive Luſt
Reduc'd to a warm pleaſing Fire of lawful Love,
My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. *meeting her kindly.* How does the happy Cauſe of my Content, my dear *Amanda?*

You find me muſing on my happy State,
And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Am. Thoſe grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive
With more Delight than I do:
Wou'd I cou'd ſhare with it as well
The Diſpenſations of its Bliſs,
That I might ſearch its choiceſt Favours out,
And ſhower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lo. The largeſt Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,
To Things it has decreed ſhall crawl on Earth,
Are in the Gift of Women form'd like you,
Perhaps, when Time ſhall be no more.
When the aſpiring Soul ſhall take its flight,
And drop this ponderous Lump of Clay behind it,
It may have Appetites we know not of,
And Pleaſures as refin'd as its Deſires —
But till that Day of Knowledge ſhall inſtruct me,

The utmoſt Bleſſing that my Thought can reach,
Taking her in his Arms. } Is folded in my Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Am. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well ſaid, *Amanda* —— let it be for ever ——
Wou'd Heaven grant that ——

Am. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in Black Mortality, and the dark Curtain of Eternal Night, at laſt muſt drop between us.

Lov. It muſt: that mournful Separation we muſt ſee,
A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taſte,
When Lovers are to ſwallow it.

Am. Perhaps, that Pain may only be my Lott,
You poſſibly may be exempted from it; Men find out ſofter Ways to quench their Fires.

Lov. Can you then doubt my Conſtancy, *Amanda?*
You'l find 'tis built upon a ſteady Baſis——
The Rock of Reaſon now ſupports my Love
On which it ſtands ſo fix'd,
The rudeſt Hurricane of wild Deſire
Would, like the Breath of a ſoft ſlumbring Babe,
Paſs by, and never ſhake it.

Am. Yet ſtill 'tis ſafer to avoid the Storm;
The ſtrongeſt Veſſels, if they put to Sea,
May poſſibly be loſt.
Wou'd I cou'd keep you here, in this calm Port, for ever!
Forgive the Weakneſs of a Woman,
I am uneaſie at your going to ſtay ſo long in Town,
I know its falſe inſinuating Pleaſures;
I know the Force of its Deluſions;
I know the Strength of its Attacks;
I know the weak Defence of Nature;
I know you are a Man —— and I —— a Wife.

Lov. You know then all that needs to give you Reſt,
For Wife's the ſtrongeſt Claim that you can urge.

When you would plead your Title to my Heart,
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,
Baniſh your Fears, for they are Traytors to your Peace;
Beware of 'em, they are inſinuating buſie Things
That Goſſip to and fro, and do a World of Miſchief
Where they come: But you ſhall ſoon be Miſtreſs of 'em all,
I'll aid you with ſuch Arms for their Deſtruction,
They never ſhall erect their heads again.
You know the Buſineſs is indiſpenſable, that obliges
Me to go for *London*; and you have no Reaſon, that I
know of, to believe I'm glad of the Occaſion;
For my honeſt Conſcience is my Witneſs.
I have found a due Succeſſion of ſuch Charms
In my Retirement here with you;
I have never thrown one Roving Thought that way;
But ſince, againſt my Will, I'm dragg'd once more
To that uneaſie Theatre of Noiſe;
I am reſolv'd to make ſuch uſe on't,
As ſhall convince you, 'tis an old-caſt Miſtreſs,
Who has been ſo laviſh of her Favours,
She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,
And has not one Allurement left to move me.

Am. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown ſo weak,
Her Arrows (at this diſtance) cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em, you give 'em ſtrength;
The Dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the beſt of Armour to a dangerous Trial.

Lov. That Trial paſt, and y'are at Eaſe for ever;
When you have ſeen the Helmet prov'd,
You'l apprehend no more, for him that wears it.
Therefore to put a laſting Period to your Fears,
I am reſolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation,
I'll give you an Eſſay of all my Virtues,
My former boon Companions of the Bottle
Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine:

I'll

I'll take my Place amongſt 'em,
They ſhall hemm me in
Sing Praiſes to their God, and drink his Glory.
Turn wild Enthuſiaſts for his ſake,
And Beaſts to do him Honour,
Whilſt I a ſtubborn Atheiſt,
Sullenly look on,
Without one Reverend Glaſs to his Divinity,
That for my Temperance,
Then for my Conſtancy.———

Am. Ay, there take heed.

Lo. Indeed the Danger's ſmall,

Am. And yet my Fears are great,

Lo. Why are you ſo timerous?

Am. Becauſe you are ſo bold,

Lo. My Courage ſhou'd diſperſe your apprehenſions.

Am. My Apprehenſions ſhou'd allarm your Courage.

Lo. Fy, Fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to diſtruſt me.

Am. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

Lo. Your Love then, is not founded as it ought,
For if you can believe 'tis poſſible,
I ſhou'd again relapſe to my paſt Follies;
I muſt appear to you a thing,
Of ſuch an undigeſted compoſition,
That but to think of me with Inclination,
Wou'd be a weakneſs in your Taſte,
Your Virtue ſcarce cou'd anſwer.

Am. 'Twou'd be a weakneſs in my Tongue;
My Prudence cou'd not anſwer,
If I ſhou'd preſs you farther with my Fears,
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lo. Nor ſhall they trouble you much longer,
A little time ſhall ſhew you they were groundleſs
This Winter ſhall be the Fiery-Tryal of my Virtue;
Which when it once has paſt,

You'll

You'll be convinc'd, 'twas of no falſe Allay,
There all your Cares will end.——
Am. ——Pray Heaven they may.
Exeunt Hand in Hand.

SCENE, *Whitehall.*

Enter Young Faſhion, Lory *and* Waterman.

Y. F. COme, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmantle.

Lory. Faith Sir, I think the Waterman had as good take the Portmantle and pay himſelf.

Y. F. VVhy ſhure there's ſomething left in't!

Lo. But a ſolitary old VVaſtcoat, upon Honour, Sir.

Y. F. Why, what's become of the Blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lo. Sir, 'Twas eaten at *Graveſend*, the Reckoning came to Thirty Shillings, and your Privy Purſe was worth but two Halfe Crowns.

Y. F. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray Maſter will you pleaſe to diſpatch me?

Y F. Ay, here, a—— Canſt thou change me a Guinea?

Lo. aſide.) Good.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Maſter; ha, ha, your Honor's Pleas'd to Compliment.

Y. F. I'gad I don't know how I ſhall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

Lo. aſide. ——Hum, Hum.

Y F. What doſt thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why Maſter, ſo far againſt Wind and Tide, is richly worth Half a Piece.

Y. F. Why

T. F. Why, faith, I think thou art a good conſcionable Fellow.
I'gad I begin to have ſo good an opinion of thy Honeſty,
I care not if I leave my Portmantle with thee,
Till I ſend thee thy Money.

Wat. Ha! God bleſs your Honour; I ſhou'd be as willing to truſt you, Maſter, but that you are, as a Man may ſay, a ſtranger to me, and theſe are nimble Times.
There are a great many Sharpers ſtirring.

Taking up the Portmantle. Well Maſter, when your Worſhip ſends the Money.
Your Portmantle ſhall be forth coming; my Name's *Tugg*; my Wife keeps a Brandy-ſhop in *Drab-Alley* At *Wapping*.

T. F. Very well; I'll ſend for't to Morrow, *(Exit Wat.*

Lo. So'——Now Sir, I hope you'll own your ſelf a Happy Man,
You have out-liv'd all your Cares,

T. F. How ſo, Sir?

Lo. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

T. F. Yes Sirrah, I have my ſelf and you to take care of ſtill.

Lo. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with ſome body elſe to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

T. F. Why if thou canſt tell me where to apply my ſelf I have at preſent ſo little Money and ſo much Humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lo. Why then, Sir, your Fool adviſes you to lay aſide all Animoſity, and apply to Sir *Novelty* your Elder Brother.

T. F. Damn my Elder Brother.

Lo. With all my Heart, but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

T. F. My Annuity? S'death he's ſuch a Dog, he wou'd not give his Powder Puff to redeem my Soul.——

Lo. Look you, Sir, you muſt wheedle him, or you muſt ſtarve.

T. F. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor ſtarve.

Lo. Why?

Lo. Why? What will you do then?

T. F. I'll go into the Army.

Lo. You can't take the Oaths; you are a *Jacobite.*

T. F. Thou may'ſt as well ſay I can't take Orders becauſe I'm an Atheiſt.

Lo. Sir, I ask your Pardon, I find I did not know the ſtrength of your Conſcience, ſo well as I did the weakneſs of your Purſe.

T. F. Methinks, Sir, a perſon of your Experience ſhould have known that the ſtrength of the Conſcience proceeds from the weakneſs of the Purſe.

Lo. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conſcience, able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I deſire you'l pleaſe to conſider, that the Army alone will be but a ſcanty maintenance for a Perſon of your Generoſity, (at leaſt. as Rents now are paid) I ſhall ſee you ſtand in damnable need of ſome Auxiliary Guineas, for you *Menu Plaiſirs*, I will therefore turn fool once more for your ſervice, and adviſe you to go directly to your Brother.

T. F. Art thou then ſo impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'l help me with a Farthing?

Lo. Not if you treat him, *De haut En bas*,
As you uſe to do.

T. F. Why, how wou'dſt have me treat him?

Lo. Like a Trout, Tickle him.

T. F. I cann't Flatter.——

Lo. Can you ſtarve?

T. F. Yes. —

Lo. I cann't; Good by t'ye Sir——— (*Going.*

T. F. Stay, thou wilt diſtract me.
What wou'dſt thou have me ſay to him?

Lo. Say nothing to him, apply your ſelf to his Favourites, ſpeak to his Periwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his Snuff-Box, and when you are well with them,—— deſire him to lend you a Thouſand Pounds.
I'll ingage you proſper.

T. F.

T. F. S'death and Furys, why was that Coxcomb thruſt into the World before me? O Fortune——Fortune——
——Thou art a Bitch by Gad——

Exeunt.

SCENE *A Dreſſing-Room.*

Enter Lord Foppington *in his Night-Gown.*

L. F. Page.—— *Enter Page.*

P. Sir.

L. F. Sir, Pray Sir do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

P. I ask your Lordſhips Pardon, my Lord.

L. F. O, you can pronounce the Word then, I thought it wou'd have choak'd you — D'ye hear?

P. My Lord.

L. F. Call *La Verole*, I wou'd Dreſs —— (*Exit Page.*

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unſpeakable pleaſure to be a Man of Quality— Strike me dumb——My Lord——your Lordſhip ——My Lord *Foppington*——*Ah c'eſt quelque Choſe de beau, que le Diable m'emporte.*——

Why the Ladys were ready to pewk at me, whilſt I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em — Sure whilſt I was but a Knight, I was a very nauſeous Fellow——

Well, 'tis Ten Thouſand Pawnd well given——ſtap my Vitals——

Enter La Verole.

Me Lord, de Shoomaker, de Taylor, de Hoſier, de Semſtreſs, de Barber, be all ready, if your Lordſhip pleaſe to be Dreſs.

L. *F.* 'Tis well, admit 'em.

L. *V.* Hey, Meſſieurs, Entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. *F.* So Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to ſhew your ſelves Maſters in your Profeſſions.

Tay. I think I may preſume to ſay, Sir,——

L. *V.* My Lord——You Clawn you.

Tay. Why, is he made a Lord——My Lord, I ask your Lordſhips Pardon my Lord; I hope my Lord, your Lordſhip will pleaſe to own, I have brought your Lordſhip as accompliſht a Suit of Cloaths, as ever Peer of *England* trode the Stage in; my Lord, will your Lordſhip pleaſe to try 'em now.

L. *F.* Ay, but let my People diſpoſe the Glaſſes ſo, that I may ſee my ſelf before and behind, for I love to ſee my ſelf all round.——

{*Whilſt he puts on his Cloaths,*
{*Enter young* Faſhion *and* Lory.

F. F. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got ſo many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, theſe People come in order to make him a Favorite at Court, they are to eſtabliſh him with the Ladys.

F. F. Good God, to what an ebb of Taſt, are Women fallen

fallen, that it ſhou'd be in the power of a Lace't Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em.——

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Periwigmakers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

T. F. Thou ſay'ſt true, for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-Maid, and by that time theſe Fellows have done with him, 'I gad he ſhall melt down a Counteſs.——

But now for my Reception, I'll ingage it ſhall be as cold a one, as a Courtiers to his Friend,
Who comes to put him in mind of his Promiſe.

L. *Fop. to his Taylor.* } Death and Eternal Tartures, Sir, I ſay the Packet's too high by a Foot.

Tay. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordſhips Pocket-Handkerchief.

L. *F.* Rat my Pocket-Handkerchief, have not I a Page to carry it? you may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpoſe for it: But I will not have mine come ſo near my Face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to diſpute your Lordſhips Fancy.

Y. F. *to* Lor. } His Lordſhip; *Lory*, did you obſerve that?
Lo. Yes Sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now I hope you'll have a little more Reſpect for him.

T. F. Reſpect, Damn him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his Eſtate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the Firſt Rate:
But let's accoſt him.——

To L. F. } Brother, I'm your humble Servant.
L. *F.* O Lard *Tam*, I did not expect you in *England*; Brother, I am glad to ſee you.——

Turning to his Taylor. } Look you Sir, I ſhall never be reconcil'd to this nauſeous Packet, therefore pray get me

another Suit with all manner of Expedition, for this is my Eternal Averſion; Mrs. *Callicoe*, Are not you of my Mind?

Semſtreſs. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low.—

L. *F.* You are poſitively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no part of the Body but the Knee.

Semſ. I hope your Lordſhip is pleas'd with your Stinkirk.

L. *F.* In love with it, ſtap my Vitals; Bring your Bill, you ſhall be paid to Marrow.——

Semſ. I humbly thank your Honour——— (*Exit Semſ*

L. *F.* Hark thee, Shooemaker, theſe Shooes an't ugly but they don't fit me.

Shooe. My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

L. *F.* They hurt me juſt below the Inſtep.

Shoo. feeling his Foot. } My Lord, they don't hurt you there.
L. *F.* I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shooe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. *F.* Why wilt thou undertake to perſwade me I cannot feel.

Shooe. Your Lordſhip may pleaſe to feel what you think fit; but that Shooe does not hurt you; I think I underſtand my Trade.——

L. *F.* Now by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art an incomprehenſible Coxcomb; but thou makeſt good Shooes, and ſo I'll bear with thee.

Shooe. My Lord, I have workt for half the People of Quality in Town, theſe Twenty Years, and 'twere very hard I ſhould not know when a Shooe hurts, and when it don't.

L. *F.* Well, prithee begone about thy Buſineſs.——

(*Exit Shooe*

To the Hoſier.) Mr. Mend-Legs, a word with you; the Calves of theſe Stockins are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's.——

Men.

Men. My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord *F.* Ay, but you are not ſo good a Judge of theſe Things as I am, I have ſtudy'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickneſs of a Crawn-piece leſs —— (*Aſide.*

If the Town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twil be attributed to the Violence of ſome new Intrigue.

(*To the Periwig-maker.*)

Come, Mr. *Foretop*, let me ſee what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defie any Prince in *Europe* t'outdo; I have made you a Periwig ſo long, and ſo full of Hair, it will ſerve you for Hat and Cloak in all Weathers.

Lord *F.* Then thou haſt made me thy Friend to Eternity; Come, comb it out.

Y. *F.* Well, *Lory*, what doſt think on't? A very Friendly Reception from a Brother after 3 Years abſence.

Lo. Why, Sir, it's your own fault, we ſeldom care for thoſe that don't love what we love; if you would creep into his Heart, you muſt enter into his Pleaſures —— —— Here have you ſtood ever ſince you came in, and have not commended any one Thing that belongs to him.

Y. *F.* Nor never ſhall, whilſt they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lo. Then, Sir, you muſt be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Y. *F.* No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

Lord *F.* Gad's curſe; Mr. *Foretop*, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full Periwig?

Fore.

For. Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordſhip may pleaſe to call a full one, but I have cram'd 20 Ounces of Hair into it.

Lord *F.* What it may be by Weight, Sir, I ſhall not diſpute, but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs of a ſide.

For. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! why, as Gad ſhall judge me, your Honour's Side-Face is reduc'd to the tip of your Noſe.

Lord *F.* My Side-Face may be in Eclipſe for aught I know; But I'm ſure, my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

For. Heavens bleſs my Eye-ſight —— (*Rubbing his Eyes.* Sure I look through the wrong end of the Perſpective, for by my Faith, an't pleaſe your Honour, the broadeſt place I ſee in your Face, does not ſeem to me to be two inches Diameter.

Lord *F.* If it did, it wou'd be juſt two inches too broad; For a Periwig to a Man, ſhou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing ſhou'd be ſeen but his Eyes ——

For. My Lord, I have done; if you pleaſe to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

Lord *F.* Paſſitively, yes.

For. Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

Lord *F.* Noh: I'll wear it to day, thô it ſhew ſuch a manſtrous pair of Cheeks: Stap my Vitals, I ſhall be taken for a Trumpeter.

(*Exit* Foretop.

Y. *F.* Now your People of Buſineſs are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

Lord *F.* Faith, Tam; I muſt beg you'l excuſe me at this time, for I muſt away to the Houſe of Lards immediately; My Lady *Teaſer*'s Caſe is to come on to day, and I would not be abſent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey *Page*, is the Coach at the Door?

Page.

Page. Yes, my Lord.

L. *F.* You'l excuſe me, Brother.

(*Going.*

Y. *F.* Shall you be back at Dinner?

L. *F.* As Gad ſhall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis paſſible I may dine with ſome of aur Houſe at *Lackets*.

Y. *F.* Shall I meet you there? For I muſt needs talk with you.

L. *F.* That I'm afraid mayn't be ſo praper; for the Lards I commonly eat with, are People of a nice Converſation, and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large; but if you'l ſtay here, you'l find a Family-Dinner. Hey Fellow! what is there for Dinner? There's Beef; I ſuppoſe, my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam*, I'm glad to ſee thee in *England*, ſtap my Vitals.

(*Exit with his Equipage.*

Y. *F.* Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lo. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almoſt have given him a knock o'th' Pate my ſelf.

Y. *F.* 'Tis enough; I will now ſhew thee the Exceſs of my Paſſion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Deſtruction.

Lo. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but joyn in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

Y. *F.* By this Light, old *Coupler* alive ſtill; why, how now, Match-maker, art thou here ſtill to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence

dence to be hobling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten!

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'l go off lik'a (Pippin, One Winter will ſend you to the Devil.

What Miſchief brings you home again?

Ha! You young Laſcivious Rogue you.

Let me put my Hand in your Boſom, Sirrah.

Y. F. Stand off, old *Sodom.*

C. Nay, prithee now don't be ſo coy.

Y. F. Keep your Hands to your ſelf, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Noſe off.

C. Haſt thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought home a Fool at laſt? By my Conſcience, the Young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'l know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Perſon, thô I have a Contempt of thy Underſtanding; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condition, that I may ſee whether thou ſtand'ſt in need of my Aſſiſtance, for Widows ſwarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Y. F. I ſtand in need of any Body's Aſſiſtance, that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Riſque of being hang'd for him.

C. Igad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almoſt as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the hand for't.

Y. F. Sayeſt thou ſo, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

C. Pox o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah; I ſhall have a ſubſtantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

Y. F. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take Poſſeſſion as ſoon as thou wilt.

C. Say'ſt

Say'ſt thou ſo my Hepheſtion? why then thus lies the Scene, but hold; who's that? if we are heard we are undone.

Y. F. What have you forgot, *Lory*?

C. Who, truſty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lo. At your ſervice, Sir.

C. Give me thy hand, Old Boy, I'gad I did not know thee again, but I remember thy Honeſty, thô I did not thy Face; I think thou had'ſt like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Maſter.

L. Sir, I was very near once having that Honour.

C. Well, Live and Hope, don't be diſcourag'd, Eat with him, and Drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at laſt, as well as anothers.

To Y. F. Well, Sir, you muſt know I have done you the kindneſs to make up a Match for your Brother.

Y. F. Sir, I am very much beholding to you, truly.

C. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet, the Lady is a great Heireſs; Fifteen hundred Pound a year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight—— Now you muſt know, Stripling, (with Reſpect to your Mother. Your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

F. Good.

C. He has given me a Bond of a Thouſand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as

much more in ready Money upon the day of Marriage, which I underſtand by a Friend, he ne'r deſigns to pay me; if therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and ſecure me Five thouſand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Y. F. I'gad, if thou canſt bring this about, I'll have thy Statue caſt in Braſs.
But don't you doat, you old Pandor, you? when you talk at this rate?

C. That your youthful Parts ſhall judge of; This plump Patridge that I tell you of, lives in the Country, Fifty Miles off, with her Honoured Parents, in a lonely old Houſe which no body comes near; ſhe never goes abroad, nor ſees company at home: to prevent all misfortunes, ſhe has her breeding within doors, the Parſon of the Pariſh teaches her to Play upon the Baſe-Viol, the Clerk to ſing, her Nurſe to Dreſs, and her Father to Dance: In ſhort, no body can give you admittance there but I, nor can I do it any other way, than by making you paſs for your Brother.

Y. F. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

C. Without the Devil's aid, I warrant thee.
Thy Brother's Face, not one of the Family ever ſaw, the whole Buſineſs has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go through my Hands: the laſt that was writ to Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name,) was to tell him, his Lordſhip wou'd be down in a Forthnight to Conſummate.
Now you ſhall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the Romantick pleaſure of ſurprizing your Miſtriſs; fall deſperately in Love, as ſoon as

you

you ſee her; make that your Plea, for Marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you ſhall ſend me a ſwinging Purſe of Gold, you Dog you.

Y. F. I'Gad, Old Dad, I'll put my hand in thy Boſom now.———

C. Ah, you young hot luſty Thief, let me Muzzle you—(*Kiſſing.*——Sirrah, let me Muzzle you.

Y. F. P'ſha, the Old Letcher—— (*Aſide.*

C. Well, I'll warrant thou haſt not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now, no; one may ſee it in thy Face—

Y. F. Not a Souſe, by *Jupiter.*

C. Muſt I advance then———well Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in halfe an hour, and I'll ſee what may be done; we'll Sign and Seal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have given thee ſome farther Inſtructions, thou ſha't hoyſt Sail and begone. —— *Kiſſing.* —— T'other Buſs and ſo adieu.

Y. F. U'm, P'ſha.

C. Ah, you young warm Dog you, what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't.

(*Exit* Coupler.

Y. F. So *Lory.* Providence thou ſee'ſt at laſt, takes care of Men of Merit we are in a fair way to be great People.

L. Ay Sir, if the Devil don't ſtep between the Cup and the Lip, as he uſes to do.

T. F. Why faith he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to ſpoil my Fortune, and I'gad I'm almoſt afraid he's at work about it again now, but if I ſhou'd tell thee how, thou'dſt wonder at me.

L. Indeed, Sir, I ſhou'd not.

T. F. How doſt know.——

L. Becauſe, Sir, I have wondred at you ſo often, I can wonder at you no more.

T. F. No; What wou'dſt thou ſay, if a Qualm of Conſcience ſhou'd ſpoil my deſign.

Lo. I wou'd eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

T. F. Why faith *Lory*, thô I am a young Rake-hell, and have plaid many a Roguiſh trick; this is ſo full grown a Cheat, I find I muſt take pains to come up to't, I have ſcruples.——

Lo. They are ſtrong ſymptoms of death; if you find they increaſe, pray Sir make your Will.

T. F. No, my Conſcience ſhan't ſtarve me neither. But thus far I will hearken to it; before I execute this Project.

I'll try my Brother to the bottom, I'll ſpeak to him with the temper of a Philoſopher, my Reaſons, (thô they preſs him home,) ſhall yet be cloath'd with ſo much Modeſty, not one of all the Truths they urge, ſhall be ſo naked to offend his Sight; if he has yet ſo much Humanity about him, as to aſſiſt me, (thô with a moderate aid,) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and

ſhew

ſhew him I can——do for him, much more than what I ask, he'd do for me; This one Concluſive Tryal of him I reſolve to make.——

Succeed or no, ſtill Victory's my Lot,
If I ſubdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not
I ſhall ſubdue my Conſcience to my Plot.

(Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Loveleſs *and* Amand.

Love. HOW do you like theſe Lodgings, my Dear? For my part I am ſo well pleas'd with 'em, I ſhall hardly remove whilſt we ſtay in Town, if you are ſatisfy'd.

Aman. I am ſatisfy'd with every thing that pleaſes you; elſe I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O, a little of the noiſe and buſsle of the World, ſweetens the Pleaſures of Retreat: We ſhall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleaſing proſpect, will be my chiefeſt Entertainment, whilſt (much againſt my Will) I am oblig'd to ſtand ſurrounded with theſe empty Pleaſures, which 'tis ſo much the faſhion to be fond of.

Lov. Town moſt of 'em are indeed but empty; nay, ſo empty, that one wou'd wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their ſakes.

Yet ſome there are we may ſpeak kindlier of; There are Delights, (of which a private Life is deſtitute) which may divert an honeſt Man, and be a harmleſs Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Converſation of the Town is one; and truly, (with ſome ſmall allowances)

lowances) the Plays, I think, may be eſteem'd another.

Aman. The Plays, I muſt confeſs, have ſome ſmall Charms, and wou'd have more, wou'd they reſtrain that looſe obſcene encouragement to Vice, which ſhocks, if not the Virtue of ſome Women, at leaſt the Modeſty of all.

Lov. But till that Reformation can be made, I wou'd not leave the wholſome Corn, for ſome intruding Tares that grow amongſt it. Doubtleſs, the Moral of a well-wrought Scene, is of prevailing Force. —— Laſt night there happen'd one, that mov'd me ſtrangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about —— but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a fooliſh thing: you'd perhaps grow jealous, ſhou'd I tell it you, tho without cauſe. Heaven knows.

Aman. I ſhall begin to think I have Cauſe, if you perſiſt in making it a ſecret.

Lov. I'll then convince you, you have none, by making it no longer ſo. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the addition of a *Relapſe*; which ſtruck me ſo, I put a ſudden ſtop to a moſt harmleſs Entertainment, which till then, diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the workmanſhip of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that ſate ſome diſtance from me, ſhe was ſo exquiſitely handſome.

Aman. So exquiſitely handſome?

Lov.

Lov. Why do you repeat my words, my Dear?

Aman. Becauſe you ſeem'd to ſpeak 'em with ſuch pleaſure, I thought I might oblige you with their Eccho.

Lov. Then you are allarm'd, *Amanda*?

Aman. It is my Duty to be ſo, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out.

I do confeſs I gaz'd upon her; nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly? that's with deſire.

Lov. No, I deſir'd her not; I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of truſting to ſuch nice Diſtinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for obſerving in the Play, That he who ſeem'd to repreſent me there, was by an accident like this, unwarily ſurpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangl'd Slave, and brought a Train of miſchiefs on his Head; I ſnatcht my Eyes away: they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew abſolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were Inquiſitive? had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too; I ſhou'd have ask'd her Name, and where ſhe liv'd, yet ſtill without Deſign: —— Who was ſhe pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's Sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you diſturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no Cauſe?

Lov. None certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

But

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda*: For turn the Caſe, and let it be your Story; ſhou'd you come home and tell me you had ſeen a handſome Man, ſhou'd I grow jealous, becauſe you had Eyes?

Aman. But ſhou'd I tell you, he were exquiſitely ſo: That I had gaz'd on him with Admiration: That I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, ſhou'd you not think 'twere poſſible I might go one ſtep farther, and enquire his Name?

Lov. aſide. She has Reaſon on her ſide: I have talk'd too much: But I muſt turn it off another way.

To Aman. Will you then make no difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modeſty reſtrains your Tongues, which makes you ſpeak by halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a looſe to ours, which makes us ſtill ſpeak double what we think: You ſhou'd not therefore in ſo ſtrict a ſenſe take what I ſaid to her Advantage.

Aman. Thoſe flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modeſt in your Commendations as we are. But I ſhan't put you to the trouble of farther Excuſes, if you pleaſe this buſineſs ſhall reſt here. Only give me leave to wiſh both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, deſires to know whether your Ladyſhip ſees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

Aman. O Dear! 'tis a Relation I have not ſeen theſe five Years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Serv.*

To Lov. Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I ſaw her laſt; but I hear ſhe's grown extremely handſome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now; for I ſhall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Lov. aside. Ha! By Heavens the very Woman.

Ber. saluting Aman. Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm over joy'd to see you.

To Lov. Mr. *Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. saluting Ber.] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. to *Aman*] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Complements of her Friends upon it.

Lov. If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, (and derserve to be,) the happiest Pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord *Foppington!* —— I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir *Novelty*; he has bought a Barony in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been past eight and forty hours, and he has already sent how do'ye's to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

Lov. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [*Exit.*

Sure

Sure this Addition of Quality, muſt have ſo improv'd his Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to ſee a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be ſo very induſtrious to paſs for an Aſs.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you ſhou'd never beſtow your pity upon thoſe who take pains for your Contempt. Pity thoſe whom Nature abuſes, but never thoſe who abuſe Nature.

Ber. Beſides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chief Diverſions, if it ſhou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

Aman. I cou'd never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its diverſions, for the ſake of their being Crimes; but I have ſeen it very fond of ſome, I think had little elſe to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you ſpeak with ſo much warmth againſt it.

Aman. I muſt confeſs I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many ſtronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Lov. You have done well to engage a Second, my Dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an account for your Country-Principles.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. *Fop.* to *Lov.*] Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Lov. I wiſh you Joy, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* O Lard, Sir——Madam, your Ladyſhip's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wiſh your Lordſhip Joy.

L. *Fop.* O Heavens, Madam——

Lov. My Lord this young Lady is a Relation of my Wives.

Fop. ſaluting her.] The Beautifull'ſt Race of People upon Earth: Rat me. Dear *Loveleſs*, I'm overjoy'd to ſee you have braught your Family to Tawn again; I am, ſtap my Vitals——

Aſide.] Far I deſign to lye with your Wife.

To Aman.] Far Gad's ſake, Madam, haw has your Ladyſhip been

able to ſubſiſt thus long, under the fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

L. *Fop.* Why, that's the Fatigue I ſpeak of Madam: For 'tis impoſſible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me, the greateſt Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordſhip love reading then?

L. *Fop.* Oh, paſſionately, Madam——But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordſhip read without thinking?

L. *Fop.* O Lard——Can your Ladyſhip pray without Devotion —— Madam?

Aman. Well, I muſt own I think Books the beſt Entertainment in the World.

L. *Fop.* I am ſo much of your Ladyſhip's mind, Madam; That I have a private Gallery (where I walk ſometimes) is furniſh'd with nothing but Books and Looking-glaſſes. Madam, I have guilded 'em, and rang'd 'em ſo prettily, before Gad, it is the moſt entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis I think the Inſide of the Book, ſhou'd recommend it moſt to us.

L. *Fop.* That I muſt confeſs I am nat altogether ſo fand of. Far to mind the inſide of a Book, is to entertain ones ſelf with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding, may be much better diverted with the Natural Sprauts of his own. But to ſay the Truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never ſo well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds ſo many better ways of paſſing the Four and twenty hours, that 'twere Ten thouſand pities he ſhou'd conſume his time in that. Far Example, Madam, my Life: My Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleaſure, that glides through ſuch a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wiſeſt of our Anceſtors never had the leaſt Conception of any of 'em.

I riſe, Madam, about Ten a-Clock. I don't riſe ſooner, becauſe 'tis the worſt thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau: But a Man muſt endeavour to look wholeſome, leſt he make ſo nauſeous a Figure in the Side-

Side-Box, the Ladies ſhou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten a-Clack I ſay I riſe. Naw if I find 'tis a good day, I reſalve to take a turn in the Park, and ſee the Fine Women: So huddle on my Cloaths, and get dreſt by One. If it be naſty Weather, I take a turn in the Chocolate-hauſe; where, as you walk Madam, you have the prettieſt Proſpect in the World; you have Looking-glaſſes all round you.——But I'm afraid I tire the Company?

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

L. *Fop.* Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket's*; where you are ſo nicely and delicately ſerv'd, that, ſtap my Vitals, they ſhall compoſe you a Diſh no bigger than a Saucer, ſhall come to Fifty ſhillings.

Between eating my Dinner, (and waſhing my Mauth, Ladies) I ſpend my time, 'till I go to the Play; where, 'till Nine a-Clack, I entertain my ſelf with looking upon the Company; and uſually diſpoſe of One hour more in leading 'em aut. So there's Twelve of the Four and twenty pretty well over.

The other Twelve, Madam, are diſpos'd of in Two Articles: In the firſt Four, I toaſt my ſelf drunk, and in t'other Eight, I ſleep my ſelf ſober again. Thus, Ladies, you ſee my Life is an eternal raund O of Delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But I thought, my Lord, you, *Beaux*, ſpent a great deal of your time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of them yet.

L. *Fop. aſide.*] Soh; ſhe wou'd enquire into my Amours—That's Jealouſie——ſhe begins to be in Love with me.

To *Aman.*] Why, Madam—as to time for my Intrigues, I uſually make Detachments of it from my other Pleaſures, according to the Exigency: For your Ladyſhip may pleaſe to take notice, that thoſe who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occaſion far above half an hour at a time: People of that Rank being under thoſe Decorums, they can ſeldom give you a longer View than will juſt ſerve to ſhoot 'em flying. So that the Courſe of my other Pleaſures, is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Lov. But your Lordſhip is now become a Pillar of the State: You muſt attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* Sir — as to weighty Affairs.——I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine ſhall be a Burthen to my Body.

Lov. O but you'll find the Houſe will expect your Attendance.

L. *Fop.* Sir you'll find the Houſe will Compound for my Appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Cauſes.

L. *Fop.* Not, Sir, if I come time enough, to give 'em my particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you diſpoſe of your ſelf on *Sundays*; for that, methinks, is a day ſhou'd hang wretchedly upon your hands.

L. *Fop.* Why Faith, Madam, —*Sunday*—— is a vile Day I muſt confeſs. I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That the Players may Work upon it, as well as the Hackney-Coaches. Tho' this I muſt ſay for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us —— But then again, they begin ſo abominable early, a Man muſt riſe by Candle-light to get dreſt by the Pſalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordſhip moſt oblige with your Preſence?

L. *Fop.* Oh, Saint *James*'s, Madam,——There's much the beſt Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

L. *Fop.* Why Faith, Madam,—— I can't tell.
A Man muſt have very little to do there, that can give an account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the Ladies at leaſt?

L. *Fop.* Or I deſerve to be Excommunicated.——
There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. Theſe ſit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church time, are the prettieſt Company in the the World, Stap my Vitals.

To Aman. Mayn't we hope for the Honour to ſee your Ladyſhip added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worſt Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers or the Sermon, or—

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* One is indeed ſtrangely apt at Church, to mind what one ſhould not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I ſhall have the Honour to lead your Ladyſhip to your Coach there.

Aſide.] Methinks ſhe ſeems ſtrangely pleas'd with every thing I ſay to her. —— 'Tis a vaſt pleaſure to receive encouragement from a Woman, before her Husband's Face —— I have a good mind to purſue my Conqueſt, and ſpeak the thing plainly to her at once. —— I gad I'll do't, and that in ſo Cavallier a manner, ſhe ſhall be ſurpris'd at it.

Ladies I'll take my leave, I'm afraid I begin to grow troubleſome with the length of my Viſit.

Aman. Your Lordſhip's too entertaining to grow troubleſome any where.

L. *F. aſide.*] That now was as much as if ſhe had ſaid — Pray lye with me. I'll let her ſee I'm quick of Apprehenſion.

To Aman. O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I muſt needs tell your Ladyſhip.

To Lov. Ned you muſt not be ſo Jealous now as to liſten.

Lov. Not I, my Lord, I am too faſhionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

L. *F. to* Aman. *ſqueezing her Hand.*] I am in Love with you, to deſperation, ſtrike me Speechleſs.

A. *giving him a Box o'th' Ear.*] Then thus I return your Paſſion; an Impudent Fool.

L. *Fop.* Gads Curſe Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hay, What the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir, nay then ——

Aman. Ah! what has my Folly done? Help, Murder, help: Part 'em for Heavens ſake. } *They draw and Fight. The Women run ſhrieking for help.*

L. *F. falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.*] Ah — quite through the Body —— Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. *running to him.*] I hope I han't kill'd the Fool however. —— Bare him up! Where's your Wound?

L. *Fop.* Juſt through the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* Ay pray make haſte.

Lov. This Miſchief you may thank your ſelf for.

L. *Fop.* I may ſo — Love's the Devil indeed, *Ned.*

Enter Seringe *and Servant.*

Serv. Here's Mr. *Seringe*, Sir, was juſt going by the Door.

L. *Fop.* He's the welcom'ſt Man alive.

Ser. Stand by, ſtand by, ſtand by. Pray Gentlemen ſtand by. Lord have Mercy upon us, did you never ſee a Man run through the Body before? Pray ſtand by.

L. *Fop.* Ah Mr. *Seringe*——I'm a dead Man.

Ser. A dead Man and ſtand by—I ſhou'd laugh to ſee that, I gad.

Lov. Prithee don't ſtand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Ser. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this hour Sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Ser. Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife he's run through the Guts I tell thee.

Ser. Wou'd he were run through the Heart, I ſhou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you're ſatisfy'd?—Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. *Viewing his Wound.*] Oons, what a gaſh is here?——Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and ſix Horſes into your Body.

L. *Fop.* Ho——

Ser. Why, what the Devil, have you run the Gentleman through with a Sythe.——

Aſide.] A little prick, between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me ſee his Wound.

Ser. Then you ſhall dreſs it, Sir, for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the verieſt Coxcomb I ever ſaw.

Ser. Sir, I am not Maſter of my Trade for nothing.

L. *Fop.* Surgeon.

Ser. Well, Sir.

L. *Fop.* Is there any hopes?

Ser. Hopes?——I can't tell.——What are you willing to give for your Cure?

L. *Fop.* Five hundred Paunds with pleaſure.

Ser.

Ser. Why then perhaps there may be hopes, But we muſt avoid farther delay. Here: help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my Houſe preſently, that's the propereſt place, (*aſide*) to bubble him out of his Money.
Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly —— there, in with him.

[*They put him into a Chair.*

L. *Fop.* Dear *Loveleſs*, —— Adieu. If I dye---I forgive thee, and if I live-----I hope thou'lt do as much by me. I'm very ſorry you and I ſhou'd Quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are ſatisfy'd —— I am.

Lov. I ſhall hardly think it worth my Proſecuting any farther, ſo you may be at reſt, Sir,

L. *Fop.* Thou art a Generous Fellow, ſtrike me Dumb. *Aſide:*] But thou haſt an impertinent Wife, ſtap my Vitals.

Ser. So, carry him off, carry him off, we ſhall have him prate himſelf into a Fever by and by, carry him off.

[*Exit* Ser. *with* L. F.

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your Pardon for my Indiſcretion, my own I never ſhall obtain.

Lov. O! there's no harm done: You ſerv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deſerve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiſcreet reſentment might have coſt you.

Lov. O no matter, never trouble your ſelf about that.

Ber. For Heaven's ſake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only ſqueez'd me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd me a Coxcombs Heart. I know I was too blame to reſent it as I did; ſince nothing but a Quarrel cou'd enſue. But the Fool ſo ſurpris'd me with his Inſolence, I was not Miſtreſs of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare Swear, he thinks you had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you ſo readily.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Save you, ſave you good People: I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a Wounded Peer carrying off: For Heavens ſake what was the matter?

Lov. O a Trifle: He wou'd have lain with my Wife before my Face, ſo ſhe oblig'd him with a Box o'th' Ear, and I run him through the Body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all ſides. But, pray Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

Aman. This is the firſt I have heard on't. So I ſuppoſe 'tis his Quality more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Paſsport to every Woman's Heart, below the degree of a Peereſs.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into trouble for him: I hope there's no danger of his Life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the hands of a Roguiſh Surgeon, I perceive deſigns to frighten a little Money out of him. But I ſaw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to Night if he pleaſes.

Wor. I am glad you have Corrected him without farther Miſchief. And now, Sir, if theſe Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place, I ſpoke to you of t'other day.

Lov. With all my Heart.

Aſide.] Tho' I cou'd wiſh methinks, to ſtay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Gods! how Beautiful ſhe is--- But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and muſt not covet more.

To Wor.] Come, Sir, when you pleaſe.

Wor. Ladies your Servant.

Aman. Mr. *Loveleſs*, pray one word with you before you go.

L. to *Wor.* I'll overtake you, Sir, what wou'd my Dear.

[*Exit* Wor.

Aman. Only a Woman's fooliſh Queſtion. How do you like my Couzen here?

Lov. Jealous already, *Amanda*?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another reaſon.

L. *aſide.*] Whate'er her reaſon be, I muſt not tell her true.

To Aman.] Why, I confeſs ſhe's handſome. But you muſt not think I ſlight your Kinſwoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, ſhe is the laſt wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm ſatisfi'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov.

Lov. I'm yours (*kissing her*) [*Exit L. Aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to perswade her to come and live with me. *To Ber.*] Now dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: For I do assure you I am enough your Friend, to interess my self in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it. I am sorry I have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so Young and Beautiful as you shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O I'm busy; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing underhand; they do all above board.

Aman. That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another Mind: For by this means a Lady may (with the Expence of a few Coquet Glances) lead seventy Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secresie, she won'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight.

Aman. There's something indeed in that to satisfie the vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men find their account in it.

Ber. Their entertainment, I must confess is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of 'em ever get farther, than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my share, who follow me all over the Town, and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do (with their Eyes) say the violentst things to me—But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the reason of that?

Ber. One reason is, they don't know how to go farther. They have had so little Practice they don't understand the Trade. But besides their Ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half Score Lovers but what follows half a Score Mistresses. Now their Affections being divided amongst so

many, are not ſtrong enough for any one to make 'em purſue her to the purpoſe. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they ſeem to have a torrent of Love to diſpoſe of.

Ber. They have ſo: But 'tis like the Rivers of a Modern Philoſopher (whoſe Works, tho' a Woman, I have read) it ſets out with a violent Stream, ſplits in a thouſand Branches, and is all loſt in the Sands.

Aman. But do you think this River of Love runs all its courſe without doing any Miſchief? Do you think it overflows nothing.

Ber. O yes, 'tis true it never breaks into any bodies Ground that has the leaſt Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lye in its way. And this is the utmoſt Atchievement of thoſe dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—— th Beaux.

Aman. But prithee, *Berinthia*, inſtruct me a little farther, for I'm ſo great a Novice, I am almoſt aſham'd on't. My Huſband's leaving me whilſt I was Young and Fond, threw me into that depth of Diſcontent, that ever ſince I have led ſo private and recluſe a Life, my Ignorance is ſcarce conceivable. I therefore fain wou'd be Inſtructed: Not (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me; my Love and Principles are too well fixt. The Practick part of all unlawful Love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative; that we muſt all confeſs is entertaining. The Converſation of all the Vertuous Women in the Town, turns upon that and new Cloaths.

Aman. Pray be ſo juſt then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think thoſe Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'ſcape all other Men, as they do thoſe ſhadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Ber. O no *Amanda*; there are a ſort of Men make dreadful work amongſt 'em: Men that may be call'd, the Beaux Antipathy, for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs.

Theſe have Brains,
The Beau has none.

Theſe

These are in Love with their Mistress,
The Beau with himself.
They take care of her Reputation,
He's industrious to destroy it.
They are decent,
He's a Fop.
They are Sound,
He's Rotten.
They are Men.
He's an Ass.

Aman. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy?*

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the other I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favorites are sauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the roast in the Closet.

Aman. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! what a difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty*—— *Taking her hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret Couzen. 'Tis not that Fool alone, has talk'd to me of Love. *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has don't in vain; Not all his Charms or Art have Power to shake me; My Love, my Duty, and my Vertue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this.

I find I did not start at his Proposal; as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention his Attempt, that I may learn from you, whence it proceeds; That Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at least its shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at your ruine; when from another it shall look so kind; as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you.

Whence think you can this difference proceed, for 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you'd apprehend from one, might seem so trivial to the other; the danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fy, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No' he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But shou'd he Abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extreamly urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, somebody shou'd run the risque of being that thing they call——a Husband.

Aman. O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance which of all Vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. Ah! Alack a day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if he knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to perswade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is;—and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is, to assure me——I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lye here to Night.

Ber. To Night?

Aman.

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you ſo, *Amanda*? Why, then they ſhall think what they pleaſe: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think ſo.

Ber. Phu, becauſe you are in Love with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Caſe.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at leaſt.

Ber. Mine, ſay ye? —— Now have I a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I ſhou'd do it ſo awkardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en ſpeak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I? ——Then after all I did love him, *Amanda*, — as a Nun does Penance.

Aman. Why did not you refuſe to marry him then?

Ber. Becauſe my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, aſunder.

He lov'd the Country, I the Town.
He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.
He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.
He the ſound of a Horn, I the ſqueak of a Fiddle.
We were dull Company at Table, worſe abed.
Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.
And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing, truly and ſincerely,

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithſtanding all theſe Jars, did not his Death at laſt —— extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my preſent Pangs were ſo very violent, but the after-pains were intollerable. I was forc'd to wear a Beaſtly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women I find have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women I find keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into ſome of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have ſav'd you many a Tear. But you

you go and live with a Grandmother, a Biſhop, and an old Nurſe; which was enough to make any Woman break her heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep your ſelf ſo as I do.

Aman. Why do you then reſolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I reſolve I will.

Aman. How ſo?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I conſider I'm a Woman, and form my Reſolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Reſolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm ſure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impoſſible for you to fall in Love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow ſo paſſionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you reſt?

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why what can you do elſe?

Ber. Nothing——but ſit and cry.

Aman. Pſha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda*; you have led a Country Life: But if you'll conſult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, you ſhou'd never take a Leaſe of a Houſe you can hire for a Quarter's Warning. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Lord Foppington *and Servant.*

L. *Fop.* HEY, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Ser. Will your Lordſhip Venture ſo ſoon to expoſe your ſelf to the Weather?

L. *Fop.* Sir, I will venture as ſoon as I can, to expoſe my ſelf to the Ladies, tho' give me my Cloak however; for in that Side-Box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one ſide, and the intollerable warmth of the Masks on t'other: A Man gets ſo many Heats and Colds, 'twou'd deſtroy the Canſtitution of a Harſe.

Ser. putting on his Cloak.] I wiſh your Lordſhip wou'd pleaſe to keep Houſe a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well conſider your Wound.

L. *Fop.* My Wound?——I wou'd not be in Eclipſe another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter Young Faſhion.

Y. Faſh. Brother, your Servant, How do you find your ſelf to day?

L. *Fop.* So well, that I have ordr'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great danger of Death this baut *Tam.*

Y. Faſ. I'm very glad of it.

L. *Fop. aſide.*] That I believe's a Lye.
Prithee, *Tam*, tell me one thing. Did nat your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run through the Bady?

Y. Faſ. Why do you think it ſhou'd?

L. *Fop.* Becauſe I remember mine did ſo, when I heard my Father was ſhat through the Head.

T. Faſ. It then did very ill.

L. *Fop.* Prithee, why ſo?

T. Faſ. Becauſe he us'd you very well.

L. *Fop.* Well? —— naw ſtrike me dumb he ſtarv'd me. He has let me want a Thauſand Women, for want of a Thauſand Paund.

T. Faſ. Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains, for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

L. *Fop.* If I were a younger Brother, I ſhou'd think ſo too.

T. Faſ. Why, is it poſſible you can value a Woman that's to be bought.

L. *Fop.* Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

T. Faſ. Becauſe a Woman has a Heart to diſpoſe of; a Horſe has none.

L. *Fop.* Look you *Tam*, of all things that belang to a Woman, I have an Averſion to her Heart: For when once a Woman has given you her Heart —— you can never get rid of the reſt of her Body.

T. Faſ. This is ſtrange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

L. *Fop.* Why, my Heart in my Amours —— is like my Heart out of my Amours: *à la glace.*

My Lady *Tam* is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilſt the Finger runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that ſtill beats the ſame time.

T. Faſ. Then you are ſeldom much in Love?

L. *Fop.* Never, ſtap my Vitals.

T. Faſ. Why then did you make all this buſtle about *Amanda*?

L. *Fop.* Becauſe ſhe was a Woman of an Inſolent Vertue, and I thought my ſelf pickt in Honour to debauch her.

T. Faſ. Very well.

Aſide.] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the ſpending of Five Thouſand Pounds a Year. But now for my buſineſs with him.

To L. *Fop.*] Brother, tho' I know to talk to you of buſineſs (eſpecially of Money) is a Theme not quite ſo entertaining to you as that of the Ladies: My Neceſſities are ſuch, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* The greatneſs of your Neceſſities *Tam*, is the worſt argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, ſtrike me Dumb, it has the worſt beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelve-month.

T. Faſ. I'm very ſorry you think ſo.

L. *Fop.* I do believe thau art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly, ſar 'tis a new Play, and I ſhall be ſo rumpled and ſqueez'd with preſſing through the Crawd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Cloaths.

T. Faſ. Why then (that I may not be the Author of ſo great a Misfortune) my Caſe in a Word is this.

The neceſſary Expences of my Travels have ſo much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forc'd to Mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is ſpent; ſo that unleſs you are ſo kind to aſſiſt me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy, but to go take a Purſe.

L. *Fop.* Why, Faith *Tam* ——to give you my ſence of the thing, I do think taking a Purſe the beſt Remedy in the World; for if you ſucceed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken ——you are reliev'd t'other.

T. Faſ. I'm glad to ſee you are in ſo pleaſant a Humour, I hope I ſhall find the effects on't.

L. *Fop.* Why, do you then really think it a reaſonable thing I ſhou'd give you Five Hundred Paunds?

T. Faſ. I do not ask it as a due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

L. *Fop.* Thau art willing to receive it any haw, ſtrike me ſpeechleſs. But theſe are damn'd times to give Money in, Taxes are ſo great, Repairs ſo exorbitant, Tenants ſuch Rogues, and Periwigs ſo dear, that the Devil take me I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Caſh, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one Article of ſweet Pawder, till I have braught it dawn to Five Guineas a Manth. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can ſpare you Five Hundred Paunds.

T. Faſ. If you can't, I muſt ſtarve, that's all.

Aſide.] Damn him.

L. *Fop.* All I can ſay is, you ſhou'd have been a better Husband.

T. Faſ. Oons if you can't live upon Five Thouſand a Year, how do you think I ſhou'd do't upon Two Hundred?

L. *Fop.* Don't be in a Paſſion *Tam*, for Paſſion is the moſt unbecoming thing in the World——to the Face. Look you, I don't love to ſay any thing to you to make you Melancholy; but upon this occaſion I muſt take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horſe does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horſe. Nature has made ſome difference 'twixt you and I.

T. Faſ. Yes, ſhe has made you older. (*Aſide.*) Pox take her.

L. *Fop.* That is nat all, *Tam.*

T. Faſ. Why, what is there elſe?

L. *Fop. Looking firſt upon himſelf, then upon his Brother.*] ——Ask the Ladies.

T. Faſ. Why, thou Eſſence-Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, doſt thou then think thou haſt any advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee.

L. *Fop.* I do—ſtap my Vitals.

T. Faſ. Now, by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

L. *Fop.* Sir, ——I am praud of being at the Head of ſo prevailing a Party.

T. Faſ. Will nothing then provoke thee?——Draw Coward.

L. *Fop.* Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the fooliſheſt Plats broke out, that I have ſeen a long time. Your Paverty makes your Life ſo burthenſome to you, you wou'd provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to ſlip through my Lungs into my Eſtate, or to get your ſelf run through the Guts, to put an end to your Pain: But I will diſappoint you in both your Deſigns; for with the Temper of a Philaſopher, and the Diſcretion of a Stateſman,——I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard.

Exit L. *Fop.*

T. Faſ. Soh, Farewel Snuff-Box.
And now, Conſcience, I defie thee.
Lory.

Enter

Enter Lory.

Lory. Sir.

T. Faſ. Here's rare News, *Lory*: His Lordſhip has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at eaſe again: For I have been in a lamentable fright, Sir, ever ſince your Conſcience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

T. Faſ. Be at peace; it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Noſe, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horſes ready quickly, and bring 'em to Old *Coupler*'s, without a moment's delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going ſtrait about the Fortune?

T. Faſh. I am; away; Fly, *Lory*.

Lo. The happieſt Day I ever ſaw. I'm upon the Wing already. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Loveleſs *and Servant.*

Lov. IS my Wife within?

Ser. No, Sir, ſhe has been gone out this half hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet ſome buſineſs to be done,
Before *Amanda*'s heart and mine muſt reſt:
Elſe, why amongſt thoſe Legions of her Sex,
Which throng the World,
Shou'd ſhe pick out for her Companion
The only one on Earth,
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing.
Undoing was't, I ſaid?——Who ſhall undo her? Is

Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
Did ſhe not reſcue me, a grovling Slave?
When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vileſt Drudgery,
Did ſhe not ranſome me, and ſet me free?
Nay more:
When by my Follies ſunk
To a poor tatter'd deſpicable Beggar,
Did ſhe not lift me up to envied Fortune?
Give me her ſelf, and all that ſhe poſſeſt?
Without a Thought of more return,
Than what a poor repenting heart might make her.
Han't ſhe done this? And if ſhe has,
Am I not ſtrongly bound to love her for it?
To Love her! —— Why, do I not love her then?
By Earth and Heaven I do.
Nay, I have demonſtration that I do:
For I wou'd ſacrifice my Life to ſerve her,
Yet hold: —— If laying down my Life
Be demonſtration of my Love,
What is't I feel in favour of *Berinthia*?
For ſhou'd ſhe be in danger, methinks I cou'd incline
To riſque it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.
How then ſubſiſts my Proof? ——
——— O, I have found it out.
What I wou'd do for one, is demonſtration of my Love;
And if I'd do as much for t'other: If there is Demonſtration of my Friendſhip —— Ay —— it muſt be ſo. I find I'm very much her Friend.
—— Yet let me ask my ſelf one puzzling Queſtion more.
Whence ſprings this mighty Friendſhip all at once?
For our Acquaintance is of later Date.

Now Friendſhip's ſaid to be a Plant of tedious growth; its Root compos'd of tender Fibers, nice in their Taſte, cautious in ſpreading, check'd with the leaſt Corruption in the Soil; long e'er it take, and longer ſtill e'er it appear to do ſo: Whilſt mine is in a moment ſhot ſo high, and fix'd ſo faſt, it ſeems beyond the Power of Storms to ſhake it. I doubt it thrives too faſt. [*Muſing.*

Enter

Enter Berinthia.

——Ha, ſhe here!——Nay, then take heed my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look ſo thoughtful Sir? I hope you are not ill?

Lov. I was debating, Madam, whether I was ſo or not; and that was it which made me look ſo thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then ſo hard a Matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own Bodies, though few People know their own minds.

Lov. What, if the Diſtemper, I ſuſpect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why, then I'll undertake to preſcribe you a Cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at leaſt then allow me to be a Phyſician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you ſo yet farther: For I have reaſon to believe, ſhou'd I put my ſelf into your hands, you wou'd increaſe my Diſtemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reaſons from the Colledge not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis poſſible I might find ways to give you often eaſe, Sir.

Lov. Were I but ſure of that, I'd quickly lay my Caſe before you.

Ber. Whither you are ſure of it or no, what riſque do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my Diſtemper to my Wife.

Ber. And ſo loſe all my Practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burſt me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Lov. That's ſwearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I ſhan't believe you.

Ber. By Man, then.

Lov.

Lov. I'm ſatisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The firſt were theſe:

When 'twas my Chance to ſee you at the Play,
A randome Glance you threw, at firſt alarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my eyes from whence the danger came:
I gaz'd upon you, 'till you ſhot again,
And then my Fears came on me.
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My Blood grew thin; my Pulſe beat quick,
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of Nature
Shook with Apprehenſion.
'Tis true, ſome ſmall Recruits of Reſolution,
My Manhood brought to my Aſſiſtance,
And by their help I made a ſtand a while,
But found at laſt your Arrows flew ſo thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me;
So left the Field,
And fled for Shelter to *Amanda*'s Arms.
What think you of theſe Symptoms, pray.

Ber. Feveriſh every one of 'em.
But what relief pray did your Wife afford you?

Lov. Why, inſtantly ſhe let me blood; which for the preſent much aſſwag'd my Flame. But when I ſaw you, out it burſt again, and rag'd with greater fury than before. Nay, ſince you now appear, 'tis ſo encreas'd, that in a moment if you do not help me, I ſhall, whilſt you look on, conſume to Aſhes. [*Taking hold of her hand.*

Ber. breaking from him.] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we ſhall all be infected.

Lov. catching her in his Arms and kiſſing her.] Then we'll dye together, my Charming Angel.

Ber. O Ged —— the Devil's in you.
Lord, let me go, here's ſome body coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady's come home, and deſires to ſpeak with you: She's in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Serv.*

[*To* Ber.

To Ber.] But before I go, one Glaſs of Nectar more to Drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I ſhall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. Kiſſing her.] In matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.

Ber. Um ——

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Ha! What's here? my old Miſtreſs, and ſo cloſe, I faith? I wou'd not ſpoil her ſport for the Univerſe [*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged ——Now do I pray to Heaven,

[*Exit* Loveleſs *running.*

With all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil
In Hell may take me, if ever——I was better pleas'd in
My Life——This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain.
Sighing.] Well, I am Condemn'd; but thanks to Heaven I feel
My ſelf each Moment more and more prepar'd for my
Execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have
The leaſt fear of Dying. No, I find, let the——
Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will
Suffer with more Reſolution than a Woman.
Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet:
But I confeſs I long to have another.
Pray Heaven it end as the firſt did tho',
That we may both grow weary at a time,
For 'tis a Melancholy thing for Lovers to out-live one another.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. aſide.] This Diſcovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy uſe on't.

That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; ſo I ſhall be able to make her underſtand her Intereſt.

To Ber.] Your Servant Madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got ſo good a Colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have I ſuppoſe?

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you Smile then?

Wor. Becauſe the Weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave Roguing, I ſee that.

Wor. putting his Finger to his Noſe.] You'll never leave—— I ſee that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me it's the ſame thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Gueſs!

Ber. I ſhall gueſs wrong.

Wor. Indeed you wont.

Ber. Pſha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But firſt I muſt put you in mind, That after what has paſt 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Loveleſs*, which I have diſcover'd: And I am fond of his Wife——

Ber. Which I have diſcover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confeſs your diſcovery to be true: What do you ſay to mine?

Ber. Why, I confeſs——I wou'd ſwear 'twere falſe, if I thought you were Fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almoſt in Love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite ſo, had I made one ſhort Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore if you find 'twou'd tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to diſpatch her buſineſs, that I may have nothing elſe to do, but to apply my ſelf to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, But I think you are wiſe enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor.

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that ſhe mayn't ſee who is her Husband's Miſtreſs.

B. aſide.] He has reaſon: The hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, What think you on't?

Ber. I think you are ſo much a deeper Politician in theſe Affairs than I am; that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the moſt eaſie, ſafe, and pleaſant Situation for your own Amour, is the Houſe in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any ſort of Suſpicion.

That the way to do that is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making your ſelf her Confident.

And the way to bring her to Intrigue, is to make her Jealous of her Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the leſs you'll be ſuſpected.

This is my Scheme, in ſhort; which if you follow as you ſhou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four paſs the Winter very pleaſantly.

Ber. Well, I cou'd be glad to have no body's Sins to anſwer for but my own. But where there is a neceſſity ——

Wor. Right as you ſay, where there is a neceſſity, a Chriſtian is bound to help his Neighbour. So good *Berinthia*, loſe no time, but let us begin the Dance as faſt as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in Tune, pray Sir.
Your Ladies ſtrings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too haſtily. But if you'll have patience to ſcrew 'em to their pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but ſhe may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Muſick too, or I'm miſtaken; but have you had no private Cloſet Diſcourſe with her yet about Males and Females, and ſo forth, which may give you hopes in her Conſtitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil againſt us.

Ber. I have had ſo much Diſcourſe with her, that I believe were ſhe once cur'd of her Fondneſs to her Husband, the Fortreſs of her Vertue wou'd not be ſo impregnable as ſhe Fancies.

Wor. What? She runs I'll warrant you into that common miſtake of Fond Wives, who conclude themſelves Vertuous, becauſe they can refuſe a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a preſumptuous thing in a Woman, to aſſume the Name of Vertuous; till ſhe has heartily hated her Husband, and been ſoundly in Love with ſomebody elſe. Whom, if ſhe has withſtood ——then—— much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, ſo much for her Vertue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Poſt. What Opinion do you find ſhe has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd wiſh; ſhe thinks you handſome and diſcreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' ſtill remember, there's a difficult Bar to paſs.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't queſtion I ſhall get well over it, by the help of ſuch a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, ſhe'll do the beſt ſhe can; ſo weigh Anchor and be gone as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu. [*Exit* W.

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a buſineſs have I undertaken, in a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me if I had refus'd him. Beſides, Faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleaſure in carrying on another Bodies Intriegue, as ones own. This at leaſt is certain, It exerciſes almoſt all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman. For there's employment for Hypocriſie, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Miſchief, and Lying.

Enter

Enter Amanda, *her Woman following her.*

Wom. If you pleaſe, Madam, only to ſay, whither you'll have me buy 'em or not?

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do: Prithee leave me.

Wom. I have done. [*Exit Wom.*

Ber. What in the Name of *Jove*'s the matter with you?

Aman. The matter *Berinthia*, I'm almoſt Mad, I'm plagu'd to Death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think ſhou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We ſhall have you wiſh your ſelf a Widow by and by.

Aman. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am; a baſe ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to uſe me thus!

Ber. What, he has been Ogling now I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been Ogling.

Ber. And ſo you are Jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! Is Jealouſie then nothing?

Ber. It ſhou'd be nothing, if I were in your Caſe.

Aman. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure my ſelf.

Aman. How?

Ber. Let Blood in the Fond Vein: Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That wou'd not ſtop his courſe.

Ber. Nor nothing elſe, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Caſtles in the Air, and Fume, and Fret, and grow Thin and Lean, and Pale and Ugly, if you pleaſe. But I tell you, no Man worth having, is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be ſo.

Aman. Do you then really think he's falſe to me? for I did but ſuſpect him.

Ber. Think ſo? I know he's ſo.

Aman. Is it poſſible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber.

Ber. Don't preſs me then to name Names; for that I have ſworn I won't do.

Aman. Well I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wiſe Woman's dying of the Pip; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and ſhew upon occaſion, you can be as good a Wife as the beſt of 'em.

Aman. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once ſhe ſets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't ſtand trifling any longer, and teaſing your ſelf with this and that, and your Love and your Vertue, and I know not what. But reſolve to hold up your Head, get a Tiptoe, and look over 'em all; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a Pickering elſewhere.

Aman. You are ſure on't?

Ber. Poſitively; he fell in Love at the Play.

Aman. Right, the very ſame; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but ſhe's no ſuch an ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is ſhe very handſome?

Ber. Truly I think ſo.

Aman. Hey ho.

Ber. What do you Sigh for now?

Aman. Oh my Heart.

B. aſide.] Only the pangs of Nature; ſhe's in Labour of her Love, Heaven ſend her a quick Delivery, I'm ſure ſhe has a good Midwife.

Aman. I'm very ill, I muſt go to my Chamber. Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear.

Aſide.] I'll ſee you ſafe brought to Bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Amanda *leaning upon* Berinthia.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Country Houſe.*

Enter Young Faſhion *and* Lory.

Y. Faſ. SO, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Poſſeſſion. But methinks the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah*'s Ark, as if the chief part on't were deſigned for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heireſs, let the Devil take the Houſe.

Y. Faſ. Get but the Houſe, let the Devil take the Heireſs, I ſay, at leaſt if ſhe be as old *Coupler* deſcribes her.
But come we have no time to ſquander. Knock at the Door.
[Lory *knocks two or three times.*
What the Devil have they got no Ears in this Houſe: Knock harder.

Lo. I gad, Sir, this will prove ſome Inchanted Caſtle; we ſhall have the Gyant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Y. Faſ. Huſh; they come.

From within,] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and ſee: Is that your Country breeding?

Within. Ay, but two words to a Bargain: *Tumma*, is the Blunderbus prim'd?

Y. Faſ. Oons give 'em good words, *Lory*, we ſhall be ſhot here a Fortune catching.

Lo. I gad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't.
Ho, Mr. What d'ye call 'um.

Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus.] Weall, Naw what's yare buſineſs?

Y. Faſ. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly*? Why, you'll find that's juſt as Sir *Tunbelly* pleaſes.

Y. Faſ. But will you do me the favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleaſes or not?

Ser.

Ser. Why, look you, do you ſee, with good words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunbelly* if he pleaſes to be waited upon. And do'ſt hear.
Call to Nurſe, that ſhe may lock up Miſs *Hoyden* before the Geats open.

T. Faſ. D'ye hear that *Lory*?

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we ſhall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that Old Rogue *Coupler* han't ſent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom.

T. Faſ. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *with his Servants Arm'd, with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Sythes, &c.*

Lo. *running behind his Maſter.*] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, We are both dead Men.

T. Faſ. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruine us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir, 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing.

Aſide.] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horſe-Pond.

Sir *Tun.* Who is it here has any buſineſs with me?

T. Faſ. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey*.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey*, whither you have any buſineſs with me or not. So you ſee I am not aſham'd of my Name;—nor my Face neither.

T. Faſ. Sir, you have no Cauſe, that I know of.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, if you have no cauſe neither, I deſire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I ſhall not ask you to come into my Houſe; and when I know your Name;—'tis ſix to four I don't ask you neither.

T. Faſ. giving him a Letter.] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Paſsport.

Sir *Tun.* Cod's my Life, I ask your Lordſhip's Pardon ten Thouſand times.

To his Servants.] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch Coal Fire in the great Parlour; ſet all the Turkey-work Chairs in their places; get the great Braſs Candleſticks out, and be ſure ſtick the Sockets full of Laurel run.

Turning

Turning to Y. Faſ.] My Lord, I ask your Lordſhip's pardon. *To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurſe, bid her let Miſs *Hoyden* looſe again, and if it was not ſhifting-day, let her put on a clean Tucker quick. [*Exeunt Servants confuſedly.*

To Y. *Faſ.*] I hope your Honour will excuſe the diſorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordſhip's great Quality every day; pray where are your Coaches, and Servants, my Lord?

Y. Faſ. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Poſt, with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordſhip does me too much honour, it was expoſing your Perſon to too much Fatigue and Danger, I proteſt it was, but my Daughter ſhall endeavour to make you what amends ſhe can; and tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it——*Hoyden* has Charms.

Y. Faſ. Sir, I am not a ſtranger to them, tho' I am to her, Common Fame has done her Juſtice.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am Common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord—my Girl's young, *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I muſt ſay for her, what ſhe wants in Art, ſhe has by Nature; what ſhe wants in Experience, ſhe has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Conſtitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray my Lord, walk in.

Y. Faſ. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt*

Miſs Hoyden Sola.

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me; It's well I have a Husband a coming, or I cod I'de Marry the Baker, I wou'd ſo. No body can knock at the gate, but preſently I muſt be lockt up, and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run looſe about the houſe all day long ſhe can, 'tis very well.

Nurſe *without, opening the Door.*

Miſs *Hoyden*, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs; Miſs *Hoyden.*

Enter Nurſe.

Miſs. Well, what do you make ſuch a noiſe for, ha? What do you din a Bodies Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurſe. What do I din your Ears for? here's one come will din your Ears for you.

Miſs. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I muſt be lock'd up like the Ale-Cellar.

Nurſe. That, Miſs, is for fear you ſhou'd be drank, before you are Ripe.

Miſs. O don't you trouble your head about that, I'm as Ripe as you, tho' not ſo Mellow.

Nurſe. Very well; now have I a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you ſee my Lord to Night.

Miſs. My Lord? Why is my Husband come?

Nurſe. Yes marry is he, and a goodly Perſon too.

Miſs hugging Nurſe. O my dear *Nurſe*, forgive me this once, and I'll never miſuſe you again; no, if I do, you ſhall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

Nurſe. Ah the poor thing, ſee how it melts, it's as full of good Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miſs. But, my dear *Nurſe*, don't lie now, is he come by your troth?

Nurſe. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miſs. O Lord! I'll go put on my Lac'd Smock, tho' I'm whipt 'till the blood run down my heels for't. [*Exit running.*

Nurſe. Eh——the Lord ſuccour thee, how thou art delighted.

[*Exit after her.*

Enter

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *and* Young Faſhion. *A Servant with Wine.*

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am proud of the honour to ſee your Lordſhip within my Doors; and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome, in a Cup of Sack Wine.

T. Faſ. Sir, to your Daughters health. [*Drinks.*

Sir Tun. Ah poor Girl, ſhe'll be ſcar'd out of her wits on her Wedding Night; for, honeſtly ſpeaking, ſhe does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Britches.

T. Faſ. Sir, I don't doubt but ſhe has a Virtuous Education, which with the reſt of her Merit, makes me long to ſee her mine. I wiſh you wou'd diſpence with the Canonical hour, and let it be this very Night.

Sir Tun, O not ſo ſoon neither, that's ſhooting my Girl before you bid her ſtand. No, give her fair warning, we'll Sign and Seal to Night, if you pleaſe; and this Day ſevennight——let the Jade look to her Quarters.

T. Faſ. This Day Sennight?——Why, what do you take me for a Ghoſt, Sir?
'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Fleſh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a week without your Daughter—Than I can live a Month with her. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you my Hero, young Men are hot I know, but they don't boyl over at that rate, neither, beſides, my Wenches Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

T. Faſ. O, no matter Sir, I'll take her in her ſhift. [*Aſide.* A Pox of this Old Fellow, he'll delay the buſineſs 'till my damn'd ſtar finds me out, and diſcovers me.
To *Sir Tun.*] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill ſave Money.

Sir Tun. Money?——Save Money when *Hoyden*'s to be Married? Udſwoons I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho' I go to graſs with the King of *Aſſyria* for't; and ſuch a Dinner it ſhall be, as is not to be Cook'd in the Poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a

little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho' you may be ſharp ſet before ſhe's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, ſhe ſtays your ſtomach at laſt. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miſs Hoyden, *and* Nurſe.

Nurſe. WELL *Miſs*, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miſs. O Lord, *Nurſe*, I'm ſo overjoy'd, I can ſcarce contain my ſelf.

Nurſe. O but you muſt have a care of being too fond, for Men now a days, hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miſ. Love him? why do you think I love him, *Nurſe*? I Cod I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, ſo I were but once Married to him——No——that which pleaſes me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both Nurſe, I Cod I'll ſtant it with the beſt of 'em.

Nurſe. Look, look, if his Honour be not coming again to you; now if I were ſure you would behave your ſelf handſomly, and not diſgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miſs. That's my beſt Nurſe, do as you wou'd be done by; truſt us together this once, and if I don't ſhew my Breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice Married, and die a Maid.

Nurſe. Well, this once I'll venture you, but if you diſparage me——

Miſs. Never fear, I'll ſhew him my parts I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Sola.

Sola. Theſe O'd Women are ſo wiſe when they get a poor Girl in their Clutches. but e'er it be long, I ſhall know what's what, as well as the beſt of 'em.

Enter Young Faſhion.

Y. Faſ. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have ſomething of importance to ſpeak to you about.

Miſs. Sir, (my Lord, I meant,) you may ſpeak to me about what you pleaſe, I ſhall give you a Civil Anſwer.

Y. Faſ. You give me ſo obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few words, what I think both for your intereſt, and mine.

Your Father, I ſuppoſe you know, has reſolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Conſent, to perform what he deſires.

Miſs. Sir, I never diſobey my Father in any thing, but eating of green Goosberries.

Y. Faſ. So good a Daughter muſt needs make an admirable Wife, I am therefore impatient 'till you are mine; and hope you will ſo far conſider the violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to deferr my Happineſs, ſo long as your Father deſigns it.

Miſs. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Y. Faſ. Madam, a thouſand year——a whole week.

Miſs. A week——why I ſhall be an old Woman by that time.

Y. Faſ. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t'other.

Miſ. Why I thought 'twas to be to morrow morning, as ſoon as I was up; I'm ſure Nurſe told me ſo.

Y. Faſ. And it ſhall be to morrow morning ſtill, if you'll conſent?

Miſs. If I'll conſent? why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband?

Y. Faſ. That's when we are Married, 'till then, I am to obey you.

Miſs.

Miſs. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the ſame thing, I'll obey you now, and when we are Married, you ſhall obey me.

T. Faſ. With all my heart, but I doubt we muſt get Nurſe on our ſide, or we ſhall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miſs. No more we ſhan't indeed, for he Loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a Preaching to her by his good will.

T. Faſ. Why then my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to perſwade her preſently.

Miſs. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to perſwade her to any thing.

T. Faſ. How's that?

Miſs. Why tell her ſhe's a wholſom Comely Woman——— and give her half a Crown.

T. Faſ. Nay, if that will do, ſhe ſhall have half a ſcore of 'em.

Miſs. O Gemmini, for half that, ſhe'd Marry you her ſelf; I'll run and call her. [*Exit Miſs.*

Young Faſhion Solus.

So, Matters go ſwimmingly, this is a rare Girl, I faith, I ſhall have a fine time on't with her at *London*; I'm much miſtaken, if ſhe don't prove a *March* Hare all the year round; what a ſcampring Chaſe will ſhe make on't, when ſhe finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her tail; hey to the Park, and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; ſhe'll ſhew 'em ſport I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, ſhe brings an Eſtate will afford me a ſeparate maintenance.

Enter Miſs, *and* Nurſe.

T. Faſ. How do you do, good Miſtreſs Nurſe; I deſir'd your young Lady would give me leave to ſee you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this ſmall Acknowledgment for

for it at preſent, and depend upon my farther kindneſs, when I ſhall be that happy thing her Husband.

Nurſe aſide.] Gold by makings, your Honour's goodneſs is too great; alas, all I can boaſt of is, I gave her pure good Milk, and ſo your Honour wou'd have ſaid, an you had ſeen how the poor thing ſuckt it——Eh God's Bleſſing on the ſweet face on't, how it us'd to hang at this poor Tett, and ſuck and ſqueeze, and kick and ſprawl it wou'd, 'till the Belly on't was ſo full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[Miſs *to* Nurſe, *taking her angrily aſide.*

Pray one word with you; prithee Nurſe don't ſtand ripping up Old Stories, to make one aſham'd before one's Love; do you think ſuch a fine proper Gentleman as he, cares for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggle-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman; don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.

To *T. Faſ.*] I hope your Honour will excuſe my miſmanners to whiſper before you, it was only to give ſome Orders about the Family.

T. Faſ. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Buſineſs; beſides, good Houſewifry is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miſs. Pray Sir, are the young Ladies good Houſe-wives at *London* Town, do they darn their own Linnen?

T. Faſ. O no, they ſtudy how to ſpend Money, not to ſave it.

Miſs. I Cod I don't know but that may be better ſport than t'other, ha, Nurſe.

T. Faſ. Well, you ſhall have your Choice when you come there.

Miſs. Shall I?——then by my troth I'll get there as faſt as I can.

To *Nurſe.*] His Honour deſires you'll be ſo kind, as to let us be Married to Morrow.

Nurſe. To Morrow, my dear Madam?

T. Faſ. Yes, to Morrow ſweet Nurſe; privately; young Folks you know are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us ſtay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being Sign'd,

Sign'd, and Seal'd, and Agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practiſing a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better aſſurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurſe. Nay, I muſt confeſs ſtoln pleaſures are ſweet, but if you ſhou'd be Married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be Wedd?

Miſs. Why then we'll be Married again.

Nurſe. What, twice my Child?

Miſs. I Cod I don't care how often I'm Married, not I.

T. Faſ. Pray Nurſe don't you be againſt your young Lady's good, for by this means ſhe'll have the pleaſure of two Wedding-Days.

[Miſs *to* Nurſe *ſoftly.*

And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurſe.

Nurſe. Well, I'm ſuch a tender hearted Fool, I find I can refuſe nothing; ſo you ſhall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miſs. ſhall I? [*Aſide.*

O Lord, I cou'd leap over the Moon.

T. Faſ. Dear Nurſe, this goodneſs of yours ſhan't go unrewarded; but now you muſt imploy your power with Mr. *Bull* the Chaplain, that he may do us his Friendly Office too, and then we ſhall all be happy; do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurſe. Prevail with him?——or he ſhall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miſs. My Lord, ſhe has had him upon the hip this ſeven year.

T. Faſ. I'm glad to hear it; however, to ſtrengthen your intereſt with him, you may let him know I have ſeveral fat Livings in my Gift, and that the firſt that falls ſhall be in your diſpoſal.

Nurſe. Nay, then I'll make him Marry more Folks than one, I'll promiſe him.

Miſs. Faith do Nurſe, make him Marry you too, I'm ſure he'll do't for a fat Living, for he loves Eating, more than he loves

loves his Bible; and I have often heard him ſay, a fat Living was the beſt Meat in the World.

Nurſe. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Caſſock, I will ſo.

T. Faſ. Well Nurſe, whilſt you go and ſettle Matters with him, then your Lady and I will go take a walk in the Garden.

Nurſe. I'll do your Honour's buſineſs in the catching up of a Garter. [*Exit Nurſe.*

[*Giving her his hand.*

T. Faſ. Come, Madam, dare you venture your ſelf alone with me?

Miſs. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amanda, *and* Berinthia.

A SONG.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming Cynthia *cry'd;*
Take heed, for Love has Piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain Reply'd.
Once free and bleſt as you are now,
I trifl'd with his Charms,
I pointed at his Little Bow,
And ſported with his Arms:
'Till urg'd too far, Revenge he crys,
A Fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its paſſage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,
To ſtrive, I quickly found,
Was only to encreaſe the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can Cure.
And that (grant Heaven I may miſtake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burthen for another's ſake,
Who ill Rewards its Care.

Am. Well, now *Berinthia* I'm at leiſure to hear what 'twas you had to ſay to me.

Ber. What I had to ſay, was only to Eccho the ſighs and groans of a dying Lover.

Am. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earneſt of any thing?

Ber. Why this ſhall be in earneſt, if you pleaſe; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact, you may take it which way you like beſt, but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himſelf to one of them, firſt ſhe takes him in jeſt, and then ſhe takes him in earneſt.

Am. I'm ſure there's ſo much jeſt and earneſt in what you ſay to me, I ſcarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it poſſible to be angry with you, ſay what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for more Reaſons than I'll brag of; but quarrel

rel or not, ſmile or frown, I muſt tell you what I have ſuffer'd upon your account.

Ber. upon my account?

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to ſit ſtill and hear you commended for two hours together, without one Compliment to my ſelf; now don't you think a Woman had a bleſſed time of that?

Am. Alas! I ſhou'd have been unconcern'd at it, I never knew where the pleaſure lay of being prais'd by the Men; but pray who was this that commended me ſo?

Ber. One you have a mortal averſion to, Mr. *Worthy*, he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but ſpoke ſo Learnedly upon every Point, one might ſee the Spirit of the Church was in him; if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extaſie to have hear'd how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Noſe, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and ſo forth. Thus he Preach'd for an hour, but when he came to uſe an Application, he obſerv'd that all theſe without a Gallant were nothing——Now conſider of what has been ſaid, and Heaven give you grace to put it in practice.

Am. Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man ſo nice as he, cou'd have the leaſt concern for ſuch a plain unpoliſht thing as I am? it is impoſſible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Am. Indeed that was not my deſign.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glaſs. But to ſhew you I have ſome good Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Am. You have a great mind to perſwade me I am in Love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perſwade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Am. I am ſure I am not in love with him; nor never ſhall

be, ſo let that paſs; but you were ſaying ſomething you wou'd commend him for.

Ber. O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him however.

Am. Pſha.

Ber. Pſha,——Well 'tis a fooliſh undertaking for Women in theſe kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another—— have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Am. What then?

Ber. Why then I underſtand my Trade ſo well, that when ever I am told of a Man I like, I cry pſha; but that I may ſpare you the pains of putting me a ſecond time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him; that though 'tis poſſible he may have had Women with as good faces as your Ladyſhip's (no diſcredit to it neither) yet you muſt know your cautious Behaviour, with that reſerve in your Humour, has given him his Death's wound; he mortally hates a Coquett, he ſays 'tis impoſſible to Love where we cannot eſteem; and that no Woman can be eſteem'd by a Man who has ſenſe, if ſhe makes her ſelf cheap in the eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as neceſſary as Humility to a Divine; and that far fetch'd, and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies——in ſhort, that every Woman who has Beauty, may ſet a price upon her ſelf, and that by under-ſelling the Market, they ruine the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Am. So well, that ſince I never intend to have a Gallant for my ſelf, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he ſhou'd be the Man.

Enter Worthy.

Bleſs me! he's here, pray Heaven he did not hear me.

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your thoughts are as ſafe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unſeaſonable time of Night, Ladys; I hope if I'm troubleſom, you'll uſe the ſame freedom in turning me out again.

Am.

Am. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Lovelace* is not come home yet, and he uſually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll tranſgreſs a little to Night, for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to Sup with ſome Company, he doubted would keep him out 'till three or four a Clock in the morning, and deſir'd I wou'd let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him; but my Fellow's a Blunder-head, ſo leſt he ſhou'd make ſome miſtake, I thought it my duty to deliver the meſſage my ſelf.

Am. I'm very ſorry he ſhou'd give you that trouble, Sir, But——

Ber. But ſince he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Am. Couſin, you know you command my Houſe.

Wor. to *Ber.*] And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gameſter.

Ber. O you play well enough to loſe your Money, and that's all the Lady's require, ſo without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room, and call for the Cards.

Am. With all my heart. [*Exit* Wor. *leading* Am.

Ber. ſola.] Well, how this Buſineſs will end, Heaven knows; but ſhe ſeems to me to be in as fair a way—as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

[*Exit* Berinthia.

SCENE *Berinthia*'s Chamber.

Enter Lovelace *cautiouſly in the dark.*

Lov. So, thus far all's well, I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think no body has perceiv'd me ſteal into the Houſe; my Wife don't expect me home 'till four a Clock, ſo if *Berinthia* comes to Bed by Eleven, I ſhall have a Chaſe of five hours; let me ſee, where ſhall I hide my ſelf? under her Bed? No; we ſhall have her Maid ſearching there for ſomething or other, her Cloſet's a better place, and I have a Maſter Key will open it,

it, I'll e'en in there, and attack her juſt when ſhe comes to her Prayers, that's the moſt likely to prove her Critical Minute, for then the Devil will be there to aſſiſt me.

[*He opens the Cloſet, goes in, and ſhuts the door after him.*

Enter Berinthia *with a Candle in her Hand.*

Ber. Well, ſure I am the beſt Natur'd Woman in the World, I that love Cards ſo well (there is but one thing upon Earth I love better,) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends——*à Tate à Tate*; however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I ſet 'em to; at her own peril be it, if ſhe ventures to play with him at any other. But now what ſhall I do with my ſelf, I don't know how in the world to paſs my time, wou'd *Lovelace* were here to badiner a little; well, he's a Charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's ſo fond of him; what if I ſhou'd ſit down and think of him 'till I fall aſleep, and dream of the Lord knows what; O but then if I ſhou'd dream we were Married, I ſhou'd be frightned out of my Wits. [*Seeing a Book.*

What's this Book? I think I had beſt go Read. O Splenatique! it's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Cloſet, and Read the *Plotting-Siſters.*

[*She opens the Cloſet, ſees* Lovelace, *and ſhrieks out.*

O Lord, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt.

Enter Lovelace *running to her.*

Lov. Peace, my Dear, it's no Ghoſt, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again, here's ſome body coming.

Enter her Maid.

Maid. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almoſt frighted out of my wits, I thought verily I had ſeen a Ghoſt, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up againſt it; you may be gone again, I am the fearful'ſt Fool. *Exit*

Exit Maid, Re-enter Lovelace.

Lov. Is the Coaſt clear?

Ber. The Coaſt clear! I ſuppoſe you are clear, you'd never play ſuch a trick as this elſe.

Lov. I'm very well pleas'd with my trick thus far, and ſhall be ſo 'till I have play'd it out, if it be'nt your fault; where's my Wife?

Ber. At Cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy.*

Lov. Then we are ſafe enough.

Ber. Are you ſo? ſome Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare truſt mine—Beſides, I know he's in Love in another place, and he's not one of thoſe who Court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you ſaw how uneaſie he is at being engag'd with us, but 'twas my malice, I fancy'd he was to meet his Miſtreſs ſomewhere elſe, ſo did it to have the pleaſure of ſeeing him fret.

Lov. What ſays *Amanda* to my ſtaying abroad ſo late?

Ber. Why ſhe's as much out of humour as he, I believe they wiſh one another at the Devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and ſoon throw up the Cards; [*Offering to pull her into the Cloſet.* Therefore my Dear Charming Angel, let us make a good uſe of our time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll ſhew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that wou'd make you bluſh worſe than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me bluſh?

Lov. Faith I can't tell that, but if I do, it ſhall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*

Ber.

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the Dark with you for all the World.

Lov. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candles.*

Ber. O Lord! are you mad, what ſhall I do for Light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to ſit down?

Lov. Come into the Cloſet, Madam, there's Moon-ſhine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lov. Then you muſt be carryed. [*Carrying her.*

Ber. Help, help, I'm Raviſh'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I ſhall never be able to bear it. [*Very ſoftly.*

SCENE Sir *Tunbelly*'s Houſe.

Enter Miſs Hoyden, *Nurſe*, Y. Faſhion, *and* Bull.

Y. Faſh. This quick diſpatch of yours, Mr. *Bull*, I take ſo kindly, it ſhall give you a claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do aſſure you.

Miſs. And to mine too, I promiſe you.

Bull. I moſt humbly thank your Honours, and I hope, ſince it has been my Lott, to join you in the Holy Bands of Wedlock, you will ſo well Cultivate the Soil, which I have crav'd a Bleſſing on, That your Children may ſwarm about you, like Bees about a Honey Comb.

Miſs. I Cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I ſay; ha, Nurſe?

Enter Lory *taking his Maſter haſtily aſide.*

Lory. One word with you for Heaven's ſake.

Y. Faſh. What the Devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd; and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hours Purchaſe: Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and ſix Horſes, Twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth Fourſcore Pound, and

a

a Perriwig down to his Knees, ſo judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

T. Faſh. Death and Furyes, 'tis impoſſible.

Lo. Fiends and Spectres, Sir, 'tis true.

T. Faſh. Is he in the Houſe yet?

Lo. No, they are Capitulating with him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miſs *Hoyden*, and has Cock'd the Blunderbuſs at him; your Brother Swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he has a good mind to break off the Match; but they have given the Word for Sir *Tunbelly*, ſo I doubt all will come out preſently. Pray Sir reſolve what you'l do this moment, for I Gad they'l maul you.

T. Faſh. Stay a little. [*to Miſs.*] My Dear, here's a troubleſome buſineſs my Man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we ſhall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an Impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miſs. O the Brazen fac'd Varlet, it's well we are Married, or may be we might never a been ſo.

T. Faſh. [*Aſide.*] I Gad, like enough: Prithee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbelly*, and ſtop him from going to the Gate, before I ſpeak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord——— [*Exit.* Bull.

Nurſe. An't pleaſe your Honour, my Lady and I had beſt lock our ſelves up 'till the danger be over.

T. Faſh. Ay, by all means.

Miſs. Not ſo faſt, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm Marry'd.

T. Faſh. Yes, pray my Dear do, 'till we have ſeiz'd this Raſcal.

Miſs. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt Miſs and Nurſe.*

T. Faſh. O! here's Sir *Tunbelly* coming. [*to Lo.*] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.

T. Faſh. Not a word, all's ſafe: But Sir *Tunbelly* don't know it, nor muſt not yet; ſo I am reſolv'd to brazen the Buſineſs out, and have the Pleaſure of turning the Impoſtor upon his Lordſhip, which I believe may eaſily be done. L *Enter*

Enter Sir *Tunbelly*, Chap. *and* Servants *Arm'd.*

Y. Faſh. Did you ever hear, Sir, of ſo impudent an undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the Maſs, but we'll tickle him I'll warrant him.

Y. Faſh. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him diſguis'd like Servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogues, enough; but I'll ſoon raiſe the *Poſſe* upon 'em.

Y. Faſh. Sir, If you'll take my advice, we'll go a ſhorter way to work; I find who ever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; ſo if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suſpicion; and as ſoon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuſs to diſperſe his Crew, and ſo commit him to Goal.

Sir Tun. I Gad, your Lordſhip is an ingenious Perſon, and a very great General; but ſhall we kill any of 'em or not?

Y. Faſh. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em, I'll warrant the Regiment ſcours when the Collonel's a Priſoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along my Boys, and let your Courage be great —— for your Danger is but ſmall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Gate.*

Enter Lord Foppington *and Followers.*

L. Fop. A Pax of theſe Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they deſire I ſhould grow at their Mote ſide like a Willow? [*to the Porter*] Hey, Fellow —— Prithee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canſt find to expreſs thy ſelf, to tell me whether thy Maſter will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach and be gone?

Por. Here's my Maſter himſelf now at hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Anſwer.

Enter

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *and Servants.*

Sir Tun. My moſt noble Lord, I crave your Pardon, for making your Honour wait ſo long, but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit no body, without my knowledge; for fear of ſome attempt upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

L. Fop. Much Caution, I muſt confeſs, is a ſign of great Wiſdom: But ſtop my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to deſtroy a Porter, ——— he, hem ———

Sir Tun. I am very ſorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk in, we'll help you to ſome Brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll ſhew you the way.

L. Fop. Sir, I follow you with Pleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord* Foppington's *Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door againſt* La Verrole.]

Servants within. Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie die, qu'eſtce que veut dire ça?

Sir Tun. within ——— Fire, Porter.

Porter Fires, ——— Have among ye, my Maſters.

La Ver. Ah Je ſuis mort——— [*The Servants all run off.*

Port. Not one Souldier left, by the Maſs.

SCENE *Changes to the Hall.*

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *the* Chaplain *and Servants, with Lord* Foppington *Diſarm'd.*

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah? here's an Impudent Rogue

for you; Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

L. Fop. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come give an account of your ſelf, what's your Name, where do you live? Do you pay Scott and Lott? Are you a *Williamite*, or a *Jacobite*? Come.

L. Fop. And why doſt thou ask me ſo many impertinent Queſtions?

Sir Tun. Becauſe I'll make you anſwer 'em before I have done with you, you Raſcal you.

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the Anſwer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow; ſtop my Vitals, ——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for Joking with Deputy Lieutenants, we'ſt know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

L. Fop. A Warrant —— what the Devil is't thou would'ſt be at, Old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magiſtrate) and with theſe two double Fiſts, beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

L. Fop. And why would'ſt thou ſpoil my Face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your deſign to Rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

L. Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter —— Now do I begin to believe I am a Bed and aſleep, and that all this is but a Dream, —— If it be, 'twill be an agreeable ſurpriſe enough, to waken by and by; and inſtead of the impertinent Company of a Naſty Country Juſtice, find my ſelf, perhaps, in the Arms of a Woman of Quality. [*To Sir* Tun.] —— Prithee, Old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Queſtion?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, 'till I know what it is.

L. Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou didſt not write to my Lord *Foppington* to come down and Marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun.

Sir Tun. Yes Marry did I; and my Lord *Foppington* is come down, and ſhall Marry my Daughter before ſhe's a Day older.

L. Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we ſhould underſtand one another at laſt.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad——— here, bind him Hand and Foot. [*They bind him down.*

L. Fop. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jeaſt begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I ſay, he's mad ——— Bread and Water, a Dark Room and a Whip, may bring him to his Senſes again.

L. Fop. [*Aſide.*] I Gad, If I don't waken quickly, by all I can ſee, this is like to prove one of the moſt impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miſs *and* Nurſe. [Miſs *going up to him.*]

Miſs. Is this he that would have run away with me? fough, how he ſtinks of Sweets: Pray, Father, let him be drag'd through the Horſe Pond.

L. Fop. [*Aſide.*] This muſt be my Wife by her Natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miſs. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him, hang him?

Sir Tun. That, at leaſt, Child.

Nurſe. Ay, and its e'en too good for him too.

L. Fop. [*Aſide.*] Madam la Gouvernante, I preſume; hitherto this appears to me, to be one of the moſt extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miſs. He's juſt coming, Sir.

L. Fop. [*Aſide.*] My Lord ——— What does he mean by that, now?

Enter

Enter Young Faſhion, *and* Lory.

[*Seeing him.*] Stap my Vitals *Tam*, now the Dreams out.

Y. Faſh. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that deſign'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tan. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

Y. Faſh. I find by his Dreſs, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miſs. O gimmeni! Is this a Beau? let me ſee him again, ——ha! I find a Beau's no ſuch an ugly thing neither.

Y. Faſh. I gad, ſhe'll be in love with him preſently; I'll e'en have him ſent away to Goal.

[*To L. Faſh.*] Sir, tho' your undertaking ſhews you are a Perſon of no extraordinary Modeſty, I ſuppoſe you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me?

L. Fop. Strike me dumb, *Tam.* thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurſ. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordſhip plain *Thomas*.

Bull. The buſineſs is, he would feign himſelf Mad, to avoid going to Goal.

L. F. [*Aſide.*] That muſt be the Chaplain, by his Unfolding of Myſteries.

Sir Tan. Come, is the Warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tan. Give me the Pen, I'll ſign it——So, now Conſtable away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one moment.——Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, ſhall I beg one Word with your Lordſhip?

Nurſe. O ho, it's my Lord with him now; ſee how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miſs. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whiſper too cloſe, leſt he bite your Ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether ſo Hungry, as your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to imagine.

To

[*To T. Faſh.*] Look you, *Tam*, I am ſenſible I have not been ſo kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's paſt, and accept of the Five Thouſand Pounds I offer; thou may'ſt live in extream Splendour with it; ſtap my Vitals.

T. Faſh. It's a much eaſier matter to prevent a Diſeaſe than to Cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have ſecur'd your Miſtreſs; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir Tun. Well, what ſays he?

T. Faſh. Only the Raſcal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he ſhall go with a Pox to him: Lead on, Conſtable.

L. Faſh. One word more, and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this Rate, after thou art Condemn'd; but ſpeak once for all.

L. Fop. Why then once for all, I have at laſt luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who, I believe cannot live far from this place, (if he were here) would ſatisfie you, I am *Novelty*, Baron of *Foppington*, with Five Thouſand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there, a Raſcal not worth a Groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honeſt Gentleman you are ſo well acquainted with. [*To T. Faſh.*] Come, Sir, we ſhall hamper him.

L. Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly.*

Sir Tun. So; he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but laſt Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* ſtill, and ſo quoted him; now we ſhall diſplay him in his Colours: I'll ſend for Sir *John* immediately: Here, Fellow, away preſently, and deſire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to ſtep over, upon an extraordinary occaſion; and in the mean while you had beſt ſecure this Sharper in the *Gate-Houſe.*

Conſt. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, he may chance to give us the ſlip thence: If I were worthy to adviſe, I think the Dog-kennel's a ſurer place.

Sir Tun. With all my Heart, any where.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Nay, for Heaven's ſake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Cloaths.

Sir Tun. O when you have Married my Daughter, her Eſtate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

L. Fop. A Dirty Country Juſtice, is a barbarous Magiſtrate; ſtap my Vitals.——

[*Exit. Conſtable with Lord* Foppington.

T. Faſh. [*Aſide.*] I gad, I muſt prevent this Knight's coming, or the Houſe will grow ſoon too hot to hold me. [*To Sir Tun.*] Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir *John* upon this impertinent Fellow's deſire: I'll ſend and call the Meſſenger back.—

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be ſure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir *John* juſt lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wiſh.

T. Faſh. [*Aſide.*] The Devil it does: *Lory*, you ſee how things are, here will be a diſcovery preſently, and we ſhall have our Brains beat out; for my Brother will be ſure to Swear he don't know me, therefore run into the Stable, take the two firſt Horſes you can light on, I'll ſlip out at the Back Door, and we'll away immediately.

Lor. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

T. Faſh. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken Poſſeſſion, I ſhall know how to treat with 'em well enough, if once I am out of their Reach: Away, I'll ſteal after thee.

[*Exit* Lory, *his Maſter follows him out at one Door, as Sir* John *enters at t'other.*

Enter

Enter Sir John.

Sir Tun. Sir *John*, you are the welcom'ſt Man alive, I had juſt ſent a Meſſenger to deſire you'd ſtep over, upon a very extraordinary occaſion——we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. How ſo?

Sir Tun. Why you muſt know——a finical ſort of a rawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing I ſuppoſe, that the Match was concluded between my Lord *Foppington*, and my Girl *Hoyden*, comes impudently to the Gate, with a whole pack of Rogues in Liveries, and wou'd have paſt upon me for his Lordſhip; but what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his Guards, takes him by the throat, ſtrikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, diſpatches a Warrant, and Commits him Priſoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir Jo. So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he ſet out from *London* the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir Tun. Why now to ſhew you how many Lyes People raiſe in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Poſt, with only one Servant, and is now in the Houſe with me, but you don't know the Cream of the Jeſt yet; this ſame Rogue (that lies yonder neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and ſaid if you were here, you'd juſtifie him to be Lord *Foppington*, and I know not what.

Sir Jo. Pray will you let me ſee him?

Sir Tun. Ay, that you ſhall preſently——here, fetch the Priſoner. [*Exit Servant.*

Sir Jo. I with there be'nt ſome miſtake in this buſineſs, where's my Lord, I know him very well?

Sir Tun. He was here juſt now; ſee for him, Doctor, tell him Sir *John* is here to wait upon him. [*Exit Chaplain.*

Sir Jo. I hope, Sir *Tunbelly*, the young Lady is not Married yet.

Sir Tun. No, things won't be ready this week, but why do you ſay you hope ſhe is not Married?

Sir Jo. Some fooliſh fancies only, perhaps I'm miſtaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordſhip is juſt Rid out to take the air.

Sir Tun. To take the air! is that his *London* Breeding to go take the air, when Gentlemen come to viſit him?

Sir Jo. 'Tis poſſible he might want it, he might not be well, ſome ſudden qualm perhaps.

Enter Conſtable, &c. *with Lord* Foppington.

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, I'll have ſatisfaction.

Sir *John running to him.*] My dear Lord *Foppington.*

L. Fop. Dear *Friendly* thou art come in the Critical Minute, ſtrike me dumb.

Sir Jo. Why, I little thought I ſhou'd have found you in Fetters.

L. Fop. Why truly the World muſt do me the juſtice to confeſs I do uſe to appear a little more degage; but this Old Gentleman, not liking the freedom of my air, has been pleas'd to Skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

Sir Tun. Is it then poſſible that this ſhou'd be the true Lord *Foppington* at laſt?

L. Fop. Why what do you ſee in his face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without preſuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had ſeen as many Lords as I have done, you wou'd not think it impoſſible a Perſon of a worſe Taille than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves: my Lord, I'm ſtruck dumb, I can only beg pardon by Signs, but if a Sacrifice will appeaſe you, you ſhall have it? here, purſue this Tartar, bring him back——Away, I ſay, a Dog-oons—I'll cut off his Ears, and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head——and——and what ſhall I do more?

Sir Jo. He does indeed deſerve to be made an Example of.

L. Fop. He does deſerve to be Chartre, ſtap my Vitals.

Sir Tun.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

L. Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. Hoyden, come hither *Hoyden.*

L. Fop. Hoyden is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fop. The prettieſt Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My Lord——here's my Girl, ſhe's yours, ſhe has a wholſom Body, and a Virtuous Mind, ſhe's a Woman compleat, both in Fleſh and in Spirit; ſhe has a Bag of Mill'd Crowns, as ſcarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year ſtitch'd faſt to her tail, ſo go thy ways *Hoyden.*

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man, I bleſs Heaven, and if your Lordſhip will give me leave, I will like a good Chriſtian at *Chriſtmaſs,* be very drunk by way of thankſgiving; come, my Noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready, if your Honour pleaſes to follow me, I'll lead you on to the attack of a Veniſon Paſty. [*Exit* Sir Tun.

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you, will your Ladyſhip do me the favour of your Little Finger, Madam?

Miſs. My Lord, I'll follow you preſently, I have a little buſineſs with my Nurſe.

L. Fop. Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; come *Sir John,* the Ladies have *des affaires.*

[*Exeunt* L. Fop. *and* Sir John.

Miſs. So Nurſe, we are finely brought to Bed, what ſhall we do now?

Nurſe. Ah dear Miſs, we are all undone; Mr. *Bull,* you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [*Crying.*

Bull. A lack a day, but it's paſt my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurſe. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention ſhou'd have been drain'd ſo dry.

Miſs. Well, I have often thought old folks fools, and now I'm ſure they are ſo; I have found a way my ſelf to ſecure us all.

Nurſe. Dear Lady what's that?

Miſs. Why, if you two will be ſure to hold your tongues, and not ſay a word of what's paſt, I'll e'en Marry this Lord too.

Nurſe. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miſs. Why you have had three, good Nurſe, you may hold your tongue.

Nurſe. Ay, but not altogether, ſweet Child.

Miſs. Pſha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't.

Nurſe. O but 'tis a Sin——ſweeting.

Bull. Nay that's my buſineſs to ſpeak to, Nurſe; I do confeſs, to take two Husbands for the ſatisfaction of the Fleſh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy, but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Phyſick; beſides, to prevent a Parent's wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Diſobedience; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is froward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miſs ſhou'd Marry again, ſhe may be ſav'd.

Miſs. I Cod and I will Marry again then, and ſo there's an end of the Story.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE *London.*

Enter Coupler, *young* Faſhion, *and* Lory.

Coup. WELL, and ſo *Sir John* coming in——

Y. Faſ. And ſo *Sir John* coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on Horſeback as faſt as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Reer of me; what has happen'd ſince, Heav'n knows.

Coup. I gad Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

Y. Faſ. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

Y. Faſ. The Devil I am? by who?

Coup. By your Brother.

Y. Faſ. My Brother! which way? *Coup.*

Coup. The old way, he has layn with your Wife.

T. Faſ. Hell and Furies, what doſt thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I ſpeak no Parable.

T. Faſ. Plainly! thou do'ſt not ſpeak common ſenſe, I cannot underſtand one word thou ſay'ſt.

Coup. You will do ſoon, youngſter. In ſhort, you left your Wife a Widow, and ſhe Married again.

T. Faſ. It's a Lye.

Coup. ——I Cod if I were a young Fellow, I'de break your head, Sirrah.

T. Faſ. Dear Dad don't be angry, for I'm as Mad as *Tom* of *Bedlam.*

Coup. Then I had fitted you with a Wife, you ſhou'd have kept her.

T. Faſ. But is it poſſible the young Strumpet cou'd play me ſuch a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir—can play twenty tricks.

T. Faſ. But prithee inſtruct me a little farther, whence comes thy Intelligence?

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter, there you may Read it. [*Young* Faſhion *Reads.*

Dear Coupler,

Pulling off his Hat. I *Have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil, that Raſcall* Tam *having ſtole the Letter thou hadſt formerly writ for me to bring to* Sir Tunbelly, *form'd a damnable deſign upon my Miſtreſs, and was in a fair way of ſucceſs when I arriv'd. But after having ſuffer'd ſome Indignities, (in which I have all daub'd my Embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I ſent out a Party of Horſe after him, in hopes to have made him my Priſoner, which if I had done, I wou'd have qualify'd him for the* Seraglio, *ſtap my Vitals.*

The danger I have thus narrowly 'ſcapt, has made me fortifie my ſelf againſt further attempts, by entring immediately into an Aſſociation with the young Lady, by which we engage to ſtand by one another, as long as we both ſhall live.

In

In ſhort, the Papers are Seal'd, and the Contract is Sign'd, ſo the buſineſs of the Lawyer is Achevé, *but I defer the Divine part of the thing 'till I arrive at* London; *not being willing to Conſummate in any other Bed but my own.*

Poſtſcript.

'Tis poſſible I may be in Town as ſoon as this Letter, for I find the Lady is ſo violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the diſpatch that is practicable, without diſordering my Coach-Horſes.

So, here's rare work, I faith.

Lory. I gad Miſs *Hoyden* has lay'd about her bravely.

Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part as well, as if ſhe had been born and bred in St. *James*'s Pariſh.

T. Faſ. ——That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lor. And then that Jade the Nurſe, Sir.

T. Faſ. And then that drunken Sot *Lory*, Sir, that cou'd not keep himſelf ſober, to be a witneſs to the Marriage.

Lo. Sir—with reſpect—I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themſelves ſober.

T. Faſ. Hold your prating Sirrah, or I'll break your head; dear *Coupler* what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done, 'till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

T. Faſ. Bride, and Bridegroom? Death and Furies, I can't bear that thou ſhould'ſt call 'em ſo.

Coup. Why what ſhall I call 'em, Dog and Cat?

T. Faſ. Not for the World, that ſounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of 'em in no Language, we'll leave 'em for the Nurſe and the Chaplain.

T. Faſ. The Devil and the Witch.

Coup. When they come to Town——

Lo. We ſhall have ſtormy weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I ſay when they come, we muſt find what ſtuff they are made of, whether the Church-Man be chiefly compos'd of

of the Fleſh, or the Spirit; I preſume the former———For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three pound of Beef to the reading of one Chapter—This gives him Carnal deſires, he wants Money, Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we muſt Invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Sugar, a Purſe of Gold, and a plump Siſter. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he ſpeaks Truth like an Oracle.

T. Faſ. Thou art a profound Stateſman I allow it, but how ſhall we gain the Nurſe?

Coup. O never fear the Nurſe, if once you have got the Prieſt, for the Devil always Rides the Hag.

Well, there's nothing more to be ſaid of the Matter at this time, that I know of; ſo let us go and enquire, if there's any news of our People yet, perhaps they may be come.

But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow, if thou had'ſt behav'd thy ſelf as thou ſhould'ſt have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Berinthia's* Appartment.

Enter her Maid paſſing the Stage, followed by Worthy.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. *Abigall*, is your Miſtreſs to be ſpoken with?

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe ſhe may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her ſpoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit* Ab.

Worthy Solus.

One lift more I muſt perſwade her to give me, and then I'm mounted.

Well, a young Bawd and a handſome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occaſion for a Witch.

Lewdneſs looks Heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cauſe; but when a Hag is Advocate, ſhe thinks it comes from the Devil.

An

An Old Woman has ſomething ſo terrible in her looks, that whilſt ſhe is perſwading your Miſtreſs to forget ſhe has a Soul, ſhe ſtares Hell and Damnation full in her face.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Well Sir, what News bring you?

Wor. No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to Cuckold her Husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope ſo.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there muſt be more than a God ſpeed, or your Charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why han't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The Lady has a ſcruple ſtill, which you muſt remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue——ſhe ſays.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what ſhe takes for her Virtue, it's ſome Relicks of lawful Love; ſhe is not yet fully ſatisfy'd her Husband has got another Miſtreſs, which unleſs I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain, for the Breach muſt be wider, before I dare ſtorm the Town.

Ber. And ſo I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm ſure you know beſt how to mannage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of ſpringing a Mine? I have a thought juſt now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That wou'd be a thought indeed.

Ber.——Faith I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it ſhall be. We are all Invited to my Lord *Foppington's* to Night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and makes a Ball with an Entertainment of Muſick. Now you muſt know, my undoer here, *Lovelace*, ſays he muſt needs meet me about ſome private buſineſs (I don't know what 'tis) before we go

to

to the Company. To which end, he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a ſolemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her; that to my certain knowledge, her Husband has a Rendez-vous with his Miſtreſs this Afternoon; and that if ſhe'll give me her word, ſhe'll be ſatisfied with the diſcovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman, I'll direct her to a place, where ſhe ſhall ſee 'em meet.

Now, Friend; this I fancy may help you to a Critical Minute. For Home ſhe muſt go again to dreſs. You (with your good breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball. Find her all alone: Her Spirit enflam'd againſt her Husband for his Treaſon; and her Fleſh in a heat from ſome Contemplations upon the Treachery: Her Blood on a Fire; her Conſcience in Ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive—— Ah poor *Amanda*.

W. kneeling. Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee?

Ber. Thou Miniſter of darkneſs, get up again, for I hate to ſee the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*——How I ſhall requite you——

Ber. O ne'er trouble your ſelf about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a pleaſure in doing good, which ſufficiently pays it ſelf. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou beſt of Women. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Amanda, *meeting* Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might ſpare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can ſpare him nothing but my Friendſhip; my Love already's all diſpos'd of. Tho', I confeſs, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Myſtery: You have been ſo bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands, as Barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; Cram 'em with ſweet-Meats 'till they ſpoil their Stomachs.

Aman. Alas! Had you but ſeen how paſſionately fond he has been ſince our laſt Reconciliation; you wou'd have thought it were impoſſible, he ever ſhou'd have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again *Amanda*, you ſhou'd conſider, that in matters of Love, Mens Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true: But they have ſoon din'd.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon Earth aſtoniſhes me more, than Mens Inconſtancy.

Ber: Now there's nothing upon Earth aſtoniſhes me leſs, when I

consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*; how we us'd our Babyes, you may remember. We were mad to have 'em, as soon as we saw 'em; kist 'em to pieces, as soon as we got 'em. Then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw 'em naked, and so threw 'em away.

Aman. But do you think all Men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who is that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his Mistress.

Am. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

Am. Why do you think he shou'd be more Constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour; he likes you best.

Aman. Suppose he does? That's no demonstration he wou'd be Constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it: For you must know after all, *Amanda*; the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away. But possibly, through the whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her; now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (tho' that seldom happens you'l say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her. Either she likes some body else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes no body so well as her: Still something or other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander about, from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer; that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour; 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. *Loveless* does so.

Ber. What does Mr. *Loveless* do?

Aman.

Aman. Why? he runs after ſomething for variety; I'm ſure he does not like ſo well as he he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I'm ſure on't: I'm not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'd lay my life, if I cou'd look into his Heart, he thinks I deſerve to be preferr'd to a thouſand of her.

Ber. Don't be too poſitive in that neither; a Million to one, but ſhe has the ſame Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to ſee her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe She's ſo ugly, ſhe'd cure me of my Jealouſie.

Ber. All the Men of Senſe about Town, ſay ſhe's handſome.

Aman. They are as often out in thoſe things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof—— All the Women about Town, ſay, ſhe's a Fool: Now I hope you're convinc'd?

Aman. What e're ſhe be, I'm ſatisfi'd he does not like her well enough, to beſtow any thing more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry?—— [*aſide.*] I can't bear this. *to Aman.* Don't you think ſhe's a Woman to be fobb'd off ſo. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to ſuffer you ſhould be thus groſly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deſerve the leaſt part about you, unleſs he knew how to ſet a greater value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her; now within a quarter of an Hour, ſomewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedneſs, *White-Hall.* And if you'l give me your word, that you'l be content with ſeeing her Mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Headcloaths off, I'll ſtep immediately to the Perſon, from whom I have my Intelligence, and ſend you word where abouts you may ſtand to ſee 'em meet. My Friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, leſt you do it awkardly, and ſpoil all. I'll come home to you again, as ſoon as I have earth 'em, and give you an account, in what Corner of the Houſe, the Scene of their Lewdneſs lies.

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*; He's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be ſo.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I ſhall never reſt 'till I know the worſt of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get your ſelf ready then. Put on ſome of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you ſhall preſently receive Orders. [*calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly.

Serv. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. 'Tis well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go; tell me how I may

know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward, (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous first, for methinks I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why she's about my height; and very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little Crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as strait as I am. But we lose time, come away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Fashion, *meeting* Lory.

Y. Fash. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lo. Sir I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

Y. Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lo. Not, a jott Sir; he Divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

Y. Fash. Will he bring Nurse with him?

Lo. Yes.

Y. Fash. That's well; where's *Coupler*?

Lo. He's half way up the Stairs taking breath; he must play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter Coupler.

Y. Fash. O here he is. Well Old Physick? The Doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor——I'm quite out of Wind. [*to Lo.* Set me a Chair, Sirrah, Ah—— [*sits down.*] *to Y. Fash.* Why the Plague can't not thou lodge upon the ground Floor.

Y. Fash. Because I love to lye as near Heaven as I can.

Coup. Prithee let Heaven alone; never affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

Y. Fash. That's impossible. I have too much ill luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest fellow in the Universe.

Y. Fash. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of Fat-goose Living.

Y. Fash. If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred pound a Year, and the Presentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove they self a lawful Husband to Miss *Hoyden*?

Y. Fash. Say'st thou so, my Protector? Then I Cad I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

Coup. The Nurse and the Doctor?

Y. Fash. The same: The Devil himself won't have interest enough to make 'em withstand it.

Coup.

Coup. That we ſhall ſee preſently: Here they come?

Enter Nurſe *and* Chaplain: *They ſtart back, ſeeig Young* Faſhion.

Nurſe. Ah goodneſs, *Roger*, we are betray'd.

Y. Faſh. laying hold on 'em. Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you ſafe. Come, to your Tryals immediately: I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There ſits your Judge.

Both kneeling. Pray, Sir, have compaſſion on us.

Nurſe. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your pity, I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument indeed.

Bull. I hope, Sir, my Character will be conſider'd; I am Heaven's Ambaſſador.

Coup. to Bull. Are not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. Sir, (with reſpect to my Function) I do wear a Gown.

Coup. Did not you Marry this Vigorous young Fellow, to a plump young Buxom Wench?

N. to B. Don't confeſs, *Roger*, unleſs you are hard put to it indeed.

Coup. Come, out with't——Now is he chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

Bull. Sir —— I cannot poſitively ſay——I ſay, Sir —— poſitively I cannot ſay——

Coup. Come, no equivocations; no Roman turns upon us. Conſider thou ſtandeſt upon Proteſtant ground, which will ſlip from under thee, like a *Tyburn* Cart; for in this Country, we have always ten hangmen for one Jeſuit.

B. to Y. Faſh. Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to ſpeak one word in private with Nurſe.

Y. Faſh. Thou art always for doing ſomething in private with Nurſe.

Coup. But pray let his betters be ſerv'd before him for once. I would do ſomething in private with her my ſelf: *Lory* Take care of this Reverend Gown-man in the next Room a little. Retire Prieſt.

[*Exit* Lo. *with* Bull.

Now, Virgin, I muſt put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be poſſible to make you ſpeak truth.

Nurſe. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis poſſible thou may'ſt be a ſtranger to it.

Y. Faſh. Come, Nurſe, you and I were better Friends when we ſaw one another laſt; and I ſtill believe, you are a very good Woman in the Bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always deſign'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis poſſible in the end, ſhe might have found her ſelf happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Brother! Why is your Worſhip then his Lordſhip's Brother?

T. Faſh. I am, which you ſhould have known, If I durſt have ſtaid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take Horſe a little in haſte you know.

Nurſe. You were indeed, Sir, poor young Man, how he was bound to ſcaure for't. Now won't your Worſhip be angry, if I confeſs the truth to you, when I found you were a Cheat (with reſpect be it ſpoken) I verily believ'd, Miſs had got ſome pitiful Skip-jack Varlet or other to her Husband; or I had ne'er let her think of Marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conſcience all this while, Woman? Did not that ſtair in your Face, with huge Saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Fore-head? Did not you think you ſhou'd be damn'd for ſuch a ſin? Ha?

T. Faſh. Well ſaid, Divinity, paſs that home upon her.

Nurſe. Why, in good truly Sir, I had ſome fearful thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to conſent, 'till Mr. *Bull* ſaid it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd ſecure my Soul, for a Tythe Pigg.

T. Faſh. There was a Rogue for you.

Coup. And he ſhall thrive accordingly: He ſhall have a good Living. Come, honeſt *Nurſe*, I ſee you have Butter in your Compound; you can melt. Some compaſſion you can have of this handſome young Fellow.

Nurſe. I have indeed, Sir.

T. Faſh. Why then I'll tell you, what you ſhall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen; and that it muſt be in the diſpoſal of him, who has the diſpoſal of *Miſs*. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll preſent him to it, upon Condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurſe. Naw the Bleſſing of the Lord follow your good Worſhip both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears; I'll ſoon bring his Noſe to the Grind-ſtone.

C. aſide. Well ſaid old Whiteleather. Hey; bring in the Priſonner there.

Enter Lory *with* Bull.

Coup. Come, advance holy Man: Here's your Duck, does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time: But ſhe has a propoſal to make to you, in the face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurſe*, ſpeak for your ſelf; you are of Age.

Nurſe. Roger, are not you a wicked Man, *Roger*, to ſet your ſtrength againſt a weak Woman; and perſwade her it was no ſin to conceal *Miſs*'s Nuptials? My Conſcience flies in my Face for it, thou Prieſt of *Bale*; and I find by woful experience, thy Abſolution, is not worth an old Caſſock. Therefore I am reſolv'd to Confeſs the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worſhip overflows with his Mercy and his Bounty: He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our ſins, but deſigns thou ſha't ſquat thee down in *Fat-gooſe* Living, and

whic

which is more than all; has prevail'd with me, to become the Wife of thy Bosom.

T. Fash. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me; I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worships goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing, seems a point of Conscience: And Conscience is a tender Babe. If I shou'd bind my self, for the sake of this living, to Marry Nurse, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Symony.

Coup. rising up] If it were Sacriledge, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more words, good Doctor. But with the [*giving* Nurse *to him*] Parish——here——take the Parsonage House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some delapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is Warpt; the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, Whitewash and Playster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence Orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good People: come my Turtle Doves, let us go help this poor Pidgeon to his Wandring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a Cooing together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amanda *in a scarfe, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.*

Aman. Prithee what care I who has been here.

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Aman. My Lady *Fiddle*, and my Lady *Faddle*. What do'st stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women, when they are well seam'd with the small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces——There are more Cocquets about this Town.

Wo. Madam, I suppose they only came to return your Ladiship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Aman. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the Middle on't. Be gone; leave me. [*Exit Woman.*

Amanda *sola.*

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood.
The Base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain——
Good Gods——What slippery stuff are Men compos'd of?
Sure, the Account of their Creation's false,
And 'twas the Womans Rib that they were form'd of;
But why am I thus angry?
This poor Relapse shou'd only move my scorn.
'Tis true: The roving flights of his unfinisht Youth,
Had strong Excuse, from the Plea of Nature;

Reason

Reaſon had thrown the Reins looſe on his Neck,
And ſlipt him to unlimited deſire.
If therefore he went wrong,
He had a Claim to my forgiveneſs, and I did him right.
But ſince the Years of Manhood, Rein him in,
And Reaſon well digeſted into Thought,
Has pointed out the Courſe he ought to run;
If now he ſtrays?
'Twou'd be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,
As it has been in him t'offend.
But hold:
'Tis an ill Cauſe indeed, where nothing's to be ſaid for't.
My Beauty poſſibly is in the Wain;
Perhaps ſixteen has greater Charms for him:
Yes, there's the Secret: But let him know,
My Quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,
I ſtill have Darts, and I can ſhoot 'em too;
They're not ſo blunt, but they can enter ſtill,
The wants not in my power, but in my Will.
Virtue's his Friend, or through anothers Heart,
I yet cou'd find the way, to make his ſmart. [*going off ſhe meets* Worthy.
Ha! he here? Protect me Heav'n, for this looks Ominous.

Wor. You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long diſorder me, I hope.

Wor. What e're it be diſturbs you; I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the pain, 'till I were able to remove the Cauſe.

Aman. I hope e'er long it will remove it ſelf. At leaſt, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durſt ask, where 'tis the Thorn torments you? Forgive me, if I grow inquiſitive?
'Tis only with deſire to give you eaſe.

Aman. Alas! 'tis in a tender part. It can't be drawn, without a world of pain: Yet out it muſt;
For it begins to feſter in my Heart.

Wor. If 'tis the ſting of unrequited Love, remove it inſtantly: I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Aman. You'll find the undertaking difficult:
The Surgeon, who already has attempted it,
Has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler hand.
——If you will give me leave.

Aman. How ſoft ſo'ere the Hand may be,
There ſtill is Terrour in the Operation.

Wor.

Wor. Some few preparatives wou'd make it eaſie, cou'd I perſwade you to apply 'em: Make home Reflections, Madam, on your ſlighted Love. Weigh well, the ſtrength and beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and ſlight your God; if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice, receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire, for thoſe who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Feaver raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants; ſee how he glows, how he Conſumes. Extend the Arms of Mercy to his aid; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, ſure I muſt be the weakeſt, ſhou'd I again preſume to think on Love.

Sighing——Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliſs, in ſofter uſage.

Aman. But where's that Uſage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breaſt, which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes, lay all its Secrets open to your view: and then, you'll ſee 'twas ſound.

Aman. With juſt ſuch honeſt words as theſe: The worſt of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits, all Revenge can do; his fault is ſuch, the extent and ſtretch of Vengeance, cannot reach it. O make me but your Inſtrument of Juſtice: You'll find me execute it with ſuch Zeal, as ſhall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Juſtice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wretches Neck, is ſeldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Aman. There is on Earth, but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Aman. It is: And one that wou'd ſo thoroughly convince me, I ſhou'd be apt, to rate your Heart ſo high, I poſſibly might purchaſe it with a part of mine.

Wor. Then Heav'n thou art my Friend, and I am bleſt; for if 'tis in my power, my Will I'm ſure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when ſuch a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof muſt be: What is it, will convince you of my Love?

Aman. I ſhall believe you love me as you ought, if, from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant —— You pauſe upon it, Sir—— I doubt, on ſuch hard terms, a Woman's Heart is ſcarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'Twas not on that I paus'd. But I was thinking, [*drawing nearer to her*] whether ſome things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a bluſh, and yet which Men may take without offence. [*taking her Hand*] Your

Hand, I fancy, may be of the number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Aman. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never whilst I have strength to hold you here. [*forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess——O forgive me?

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost.

Wor. Stand Neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you.

Aman. Then save me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Aman. I will; and Conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my aid, [*breaking from him.*] and thus I gain the Day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their Attacque; [*seizing her again*] And thus I wrest it from you. Nay struggle not; for all's in vain: Or Death or Victory; I am determin'd.

Aman. and so am I. [*rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*offering again.*] For Heaven's sake——

Aman. [*going.*] Nay, then farewell.

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her Cloaths.*] O stay, and see the Magick force of Love: Behold this raging Lyon at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easie; but sin no more's a Task too hard for Mortals.

Aman. Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use, but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pondrous things.

Aman. What e'er they are; there is a weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, the Body, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the Reins in the wild Hand of Nature, who like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and sets the World on Flame. Yet still the Sovereignty is in the Mind, when e'er it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains for my esteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart,
Perhaps 'tis dear; But Spight of all your Art,
You'l find on Cheaper terms, we ne'er shall part. [*Exit* Amanda.

Worthy, solus.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and th'as dispenc'd some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of Love, or (to dissect that specious term) The Vile, the gross desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a moment turn'd to Adoration. The Coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and its mechanick Food of Angels I require, how long

long this influence may last, Heaven knows. But in this moment of my purity, I cou'd on her own terms, accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman; I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much encreas'd, since thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Councils scan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep reserves of Man,
They'd wear it on, that that of Love might last,
For when they throw off one, we soon the other Cast.
Their Sympathy is such ——
The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly;
They live together, and together dye. [*Exit.*

Enter Miss *and* Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lords own Brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your Lawful Husband.

Miss. I Cod if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him: for between you and I *Nurse*, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, Nurse?

Nurse. Why truly, in my poor Fancy, Madam, your first Husband is the prettyer Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's shapes, *Nurse.*

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a Body may say, he is but a slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you Remember, a long, loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Wasby*?

Nurse. As like as two Twin Brothers.

Miss. I Cod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith I'm tir'd of him.

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

Miss. O but, *Nurse*, we han't consider'd the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I must leave my Lady too; and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress —— Mistress —— Mistress what? What's this Mans Name, I have Married, Nurse?

Nurse. Squire *Fashion.*

Miss. Squire *Fashion* is it? —— Well Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, *Nurse*?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miss. I Cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know?

Nurse. Birlady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, Faith; for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladiship at every word, and that's all I have to care for. Ha, *Nurse*, but hark you me; one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if

I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Money to throw about, *Nurse*?

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feast: Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the Younger Brother as with the Elder. For tho' these Lords have a power of Coin indeed: Yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their Wives and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches with a Mein to 'em, whilst poor Madam, sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and Crying, and has not a spare half Crown, to buy her a Practice of Pins.

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive your self, Nurse. For this I must [*snapping her Fingers*] fly for my Lord, and a —— for him. He's as free as an open House at *Christmas*. For this very Morning, he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, Nurse, if he gives me two hundred a year to buy Pins; What do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats?

Nurse. A, my dearest, he deceives thee finally; and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These *Londoners* have got a Gibberidge with 'em, wou'd confound a Gypsey. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varsal World, down to their very Shoe-tyes: Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'um; are forc'd to find them out of their Pin-money too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye? —— Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's flat. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folk at's heels. I Cod, Nurse, these *London* Ladies will laugh, till they Crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the business comes to break out; be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his Fistes; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Lovelefs, Worcby, Amanda, and Berinthia.

L. Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome [*to Love.*] *Lovelefs* —— That's my Wife; prithee do me the favour to salute her: and do'st hear, [*aside to him*] if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of me? I won't take it ill, Rap my Vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, Sir. I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the least Inclination to yours. —— [*all salute Miss.*

L. F. [*aside.*] I'd give you a thousand pound he would make love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not, *viewing him.* —— He's a very beastly Fellow in my Opinion.

Miss. [*aside.*] What a power of fine Men there are in this *London*! He that kist me first is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always?

Enter Sir Tun. with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir *Tun.* Come; come in, good People, come in, come tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles. [*To*

[*To the Hautboys*] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come strike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's Wedding-day,
And therefore we keep Holy-day,
And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench! Faith; Touch and take, I'll warrant her: Shee'l breed like a tame Rabbet.

M. [*aside*] I Cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper:

Sir *T.* to *L.* and *W.* Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*Saluting A.* and *B.*] Ladies by your leave. Ha—— They bill like Turtles. Udspokers, they set my old Blood a-fire; I shall Cuckold somebody before Morning.

L. Fop. to Sir Tun. Sir, you being Master of the Entertainment, will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir *Tun.* Oons, Sir,——I'm the happiest Man on this side the *Ganges*.

L. Fop. [*aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*to Sir T.*] I said, Sir, it would be convenient to ask the Company to sit.

Sir *Tun.* Sit?——With all my heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen; come sir down, sit down; a Pox of Ceremony, take your Places. [*they sit, and the Mask begins.*

Dialogue between *Cupid* and *Hymen*.

Cupid. 1.

TELL Love to my Embrace, thou Spring of Contest,
Thou source of all Discord, thou period to rest;
Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage can see,
That the Aim of their Life, is still pointed to thee.

Hymen. 2.

Instruct me, thou little imperthrent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,
To grow fond of a Change, to what ever it be,
And I'll tell the why those wou'd be bound, who are free?

Chorus.

For change, we are for change, to what ever it be,
We are neither contented, with Freedom nor Thee.
Constancy's an empty sound,
Heaven and Earth, and all go round,
All the Works of Nature move,
And the Joys of Life and Love.
Love is Variety.

Cupid. 3.

Were Love the Reward of a pains taking Life,
Had a Husband the art to be fond of his Wife,
Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
These very hard times, to be marry'd by Lord;
Some specious account might be given of those,
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose.

4.

But since 'tis the Fate of a Man and his Wife
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife,
Since whatever the Powers of Heaven may Create her,
He's Morally sure, to find Fault with her;
I think 'twere meet to appease Jealousies large,
And the will of Jove to the Husband to discharge.

Hymen. 5.

Some cause of Jealousie Cupid will ever bear,
Unless a Man believes that what he has Wife to his share:
Or marries a Mistress that's apt to be Trust,
To oblige a Rival, or else to be Trust.
But I have not reckon'd for many Years past,
By undrying of Pride, to make enough Chast.

6.

I therefore advise thee to let me go free,
Thou'lt find I'm the strength and Support of thy Throne;
For shou'd thou but Eyes, more swift quickly perceive it,
How smoothly the Dart Slips into the Heart
Of a Woman that's Wed,
Whilst the Shivering Maid,
Starts trembling and wishing, but darkness receive it.

Chorus.

For Change, &c.

The

The Mask ended, enter young Faſhion, Coupler, *and* Bull.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine I faith, this is ſomething like a Wedding, now if Supper were but ready, I'de ſay a ſhort Grace, and if I had ſuch a Bedfellow as *Hoyden* to Night——I'd ſay as ſhort prayers. *Seeing* Y. *Faſh.* How now?——what have we got here? a Ghoſt? Nay it muſt be ſo, for his Fleſh and his Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me.

To him.] Ah Rogue——

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, *Tam* again.

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his throat? or ſhall I?

L. Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you pleaſe. Prithee *Tam* be ſo ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Buſineſs is here?

Y. Faſh. 'Tis with your Bride.

L. Fop. Thou art the impudent'ſt Fellow that Nature has yet ſpawn'd into the World, ſtrike me ſpeechleſs.

Y. Faſh. Why you know my Modeſty wou'd have ſtarv'd me, I ſent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

L. Fop. And doſt thou expect by an exceſs of aſſurance, to extart a maintenance from me?

Y. Faſh. *taking* } I do intend to extort your Miſtreſs from you,
Miſs by the hand. } and that I hope will prove one.

L. Fop. I ever thought *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fortune, and now his Fate's decided. Prithee *Loveleſs* doſt know of ever a Mad Doctor hard by?

Y. Faſh. There's one at your Elbow will Cure you preſently.

To Bull. Prithee Doctor take him in hand quickly.

L. Fop. Shall I beg the favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand.

Y. Faſh. His Wife! Look you there, now I hope you are all ſatisfy'd he's Mad?

L. Fop. Now is it not poſſible for me to penetrate what ſpecies of folly it is thou art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

L. Fop. No, pray Sir hold, we'll deſtray him preſently, according to Law.

Y. Faſh. to *Bull.*] Nay, then advance Doctor; come, you are a Man of Conſcience, anſwer boldly to the queſtions I ſhall ask; Did not you Marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there ſaw her face?

Bull. Since the Truth muſt out, I did.

Y. Faſh. Nurſe, ſweet Nurſe, were not you a Witneſs to it?

Nurſe: Since my Conſcience bids me ſpeak——I was.

Y. Faſh. to *Miſs.*] Madam, am not I your lawful Husband?

Miſs. Truly I cann't tell, but you Married me firſt.

Y. Faſh. Now I hope you are all ſatisfy'd?

[*Sir*

[*Sir* Tun. *offering to ſtrike him, is held by* Lov. *and* Wor.

Oons and Thunder you Lye.

L. Fop. Pray Sir be calm, the Battel is in diſarder, but requires more Canduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray Dactar one word with you.

To Bull *aſide.*] Look you, Sir, tho' I will not preſume to Calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the deſcription you give us of Hell, yet ſince there is at leaſt a paſſibility, you may have a Pitchfark thruſt in your backſide, methinks it ſhou'd not be worth your while to riſque your Saul in the next Warld, far the ſake of a beggarly yaunger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no Worldly ends, I ſpeak the truth, Heaven knows.

L. Fop. Nay Prithee never engage Heaven in the Matter, for by all I can ſee, 'tis like to prove a buſineſs for the Devil.

Y. Faſh. Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences, if you pleaſe, this young Lady is my Lawful Wife, and I'll juſtifie it in all the Courts of *England*; ſo your Lordſhip (who always had a paſſion for variety) may go ſeek a new Miſtreſs if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am ſtruck dumb with his impudence, and cannot paſſitively tell whether ever I ſhall ſpeak again or not.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the buſineſs a little, I'll jerk the truth out of 'em preſently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

Y. Faſh. Look you, Old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a noiſe, if you grow mutinous, I have ſome Friends within call, have Swords by their ſides, above four foot long, therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, paſs Sentence according to Law; here's honeſt *Coupler* ſhall be Foreman, and ask as many queſtions as he pleaſes.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether Nurſe perſiſts in her Evidence? the Perſon I dare ſwear will never flinch from his.

Nurſe to Sir Tun. *kneeling.* I hope in Heaven your Worſhip will pardon me, I have ſerv'd you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd, your Worſhip however was deceiv'd as well as I, and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to Bed to him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durſt you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurſe. Alas! if your Worſhip had ſeen how the poor thing beg'd, and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd ſay, I who had ſuckled it, and ſwadled it, and Nurſt it both wet and dry, muſt have had a heart of Adamant to refuſe it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Y. Faſh. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Caſe, a clear Caſe.

Coup. Then my young Folks, I wiſh you joy.

Sir

Sir Tun to *Y. Fash.*] Come hither Stripling, if it be true then that thou hast Marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art?

Y. Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer?——Why then that Noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest——may all go and be damn'd together. [*Exit* Sir Tun.

L. Fop. aside.] Now for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the face of a Person of Quality, I will therefore bear my disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an affront.

To Y. Fash.] Dear *Tam*, since Things are thus fallen aut, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay; I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb, you have Marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayr's, Prudent in her Canduct, Canstant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, Split my Wind-pipe.

Y. Fash. Your Lordship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace if you please, I shall support mine with this Lady, and two Thousand Pound a year.

Taking Miss.] Come, Madam.

We once again you see are Man and Wife,
And now perhaps the Bargain's struck for Life;
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least, you see you may have choice of Men:
Nay, shou'd the War at length such Havock make,
That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau.

Pointing to L. Fop.] You'll find his Lordship ready to come to,

L. Fop. Her Ladyship shall stap my Vitals if I do.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by* Lord Foppington.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

These People have regal'd you here to day (In my Opinion) with a sauey Play;
In which the Author does presume to shew,
That Coxcomb, ab Origine——was Beau.
Truly I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some smart Chastisement ben't his (Fate,
Gads Curse it may in time destroy the (State.
I hold no one its Friend, I must confess,
Who won'd discountenance your Men of dress.
For give me leave t'observe good Cloaths are (Things,
Have ever been of great support to Kings;
All Treasons come from Slovens, it is not
Within the reach of gentle Beaux to Plott.
They have no gaul, no spleen, no teeth, no stings,
Of all Gad's Creatures the most harmless things.
Through all Record, no Prince was ever slain,
By one who had a Feather in his Brain.
They're Men of too refin'd an Education,
To squabble with a Court——for a vile (dirty Nation.
I'm very positive, you never saw
A through Republican a finish'd Beau,
Nor truly shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better drest than he;
In short, through all the Courts that I have (been in,
Your Men of mischief——still are in faule (Linnen.
Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Jigg,
With a free air, or a well pawder'd Wigg?
Did ever Highway-man yet bid you stand,
With a sweet hawdy Snuff-box in his hand;
Or do you ever find they ask your Purse
As men of breeding do?—Ladys Gads Curse,
This Auther is a Dagg, and 'tis not fit
You shou'd allow him ev'n one grain of Wit.
To which that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is——he may be dam'd.

FINIS.